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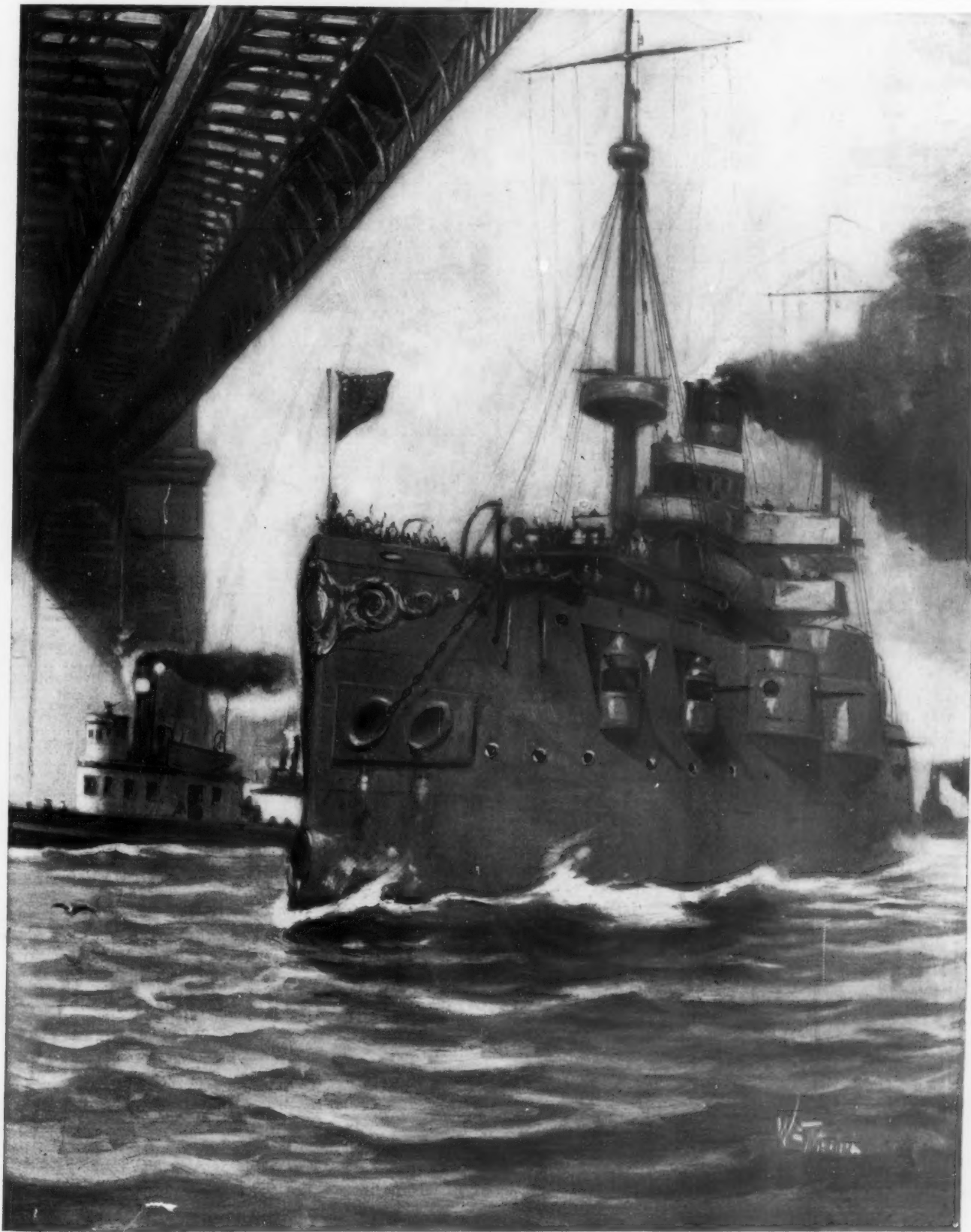


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NEW YORK'S WELCOME TO THE "TEXAS"

THE BATTLESHIP PASSING UNDER BROOKLYN BRIDGE ON HER WAY TO DRY-DOCK

(Painted by WILLIAM RITSCHER)

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THE EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J. COLLIER, EDITOR

FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

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NEW YORK AUGUST THIRTEENTH 1898

SPAIN'S olive branch recently exhibited in the White House by M. Cambon was a very neat offering and a remarkably fine specimen of Peninsula horticulture. There was not a leaf on it, not a twig. With a cunning quite Oriental it has been so pruned that those who did not mistake it for a divining rod regarded it as a wedge. But, planted in the conservatory of the Executive, it may be assumed that, barring one or another of those distempers to which, in this climate, untended exotics are subject, it will promptly bloom first into the bud, then into the blossom and finally into the fruition of luxuriant peace. May all the boys at the front get back to see it.

M. CAMBON'S mission was not unanticipated. Napoleon fell not through his reverses but because of his triumphs. The case of Spain is not dissimilar. The empire she built was once so wide, her success so great, that her ultimate fall could have been mathematically predicted. Hereafter the lady will take a back seat. From a first-rate second-class power she subsides into the shabby-genteel. That has long been a matter of course. But that which put the world behind the scenes and made the production of the olive branch generally expected has not been her defeats or even our victories. It was the piper. There is an individual who has to be paid. None can feed and be fed on the faith of to-morrow's baked meats. A piper is no exception. Even though he would, he can't pipe on paper pesetas. In Spain's larder there is nothing else. Before hostilities began her ambassador in London stated that the war might continue indefinitely. Theoretically he was correct. Matters might have run on till the Rough Riders lounged in Madrid. They would have enjoyed it. No doubt the manolas would have enjoyed it also. It is the absence of the piper that puts a stop to all that. His strains are still in the air, and in the air for a while yet they may linger. But so faint do they sound that one may wonder whether they will outlast the bolero in Puerto Rico and conclude the cachuca in Cuba.

CERVERA'S defeat was the last straw in the piper's lemonade. Through that which history may be trusted to catalogue as one of the great flouts of fate, Christopher Columbus' gift of a new world to Spain ended with the "Cristobal Colon." The engagement in which that ironical touch was given ended other things also. The ideas which it reversed are notable. To take one example from a dozen, there, for instance, is the value of the torpedo-boat destroyer. Theoretically, the "Gloucester," after running up against the "Pluton" and the "Furor," should have reached the bottom of the Caribbean in just the time that it would take to get there. But not a bit of it. Then and there she knocked spots straight out of them, and showed up not even ragged and still in the ring. Ante-bellum expert testimony was to the effect that a brace of boats of the "Pluton" type were a match for a battleship. Made in England, made for fight and made for flight, fitted with Maxims and 14 pounders, they constituted the chief anxiety among Sampson's fleet. And yet a lightly built yacht tackled them both and eat them up. The determining factor in that feat was, of course, the men at the guns, the accuracy and rapidity of the "Gloucester's" shot, the smother of her fire. All of which shows, perhaps, that the question of naval supremacy rests less in engines of destruction than in the manipulation which those engines receive.

"THE REPERTORIO COLOMBIANO" provides in a recent issue a few plain words to our sisters-in-law in South America. It intimates that while concerning the present war their sympathies may vary, they have had a common notion that, whatever the result, their institutions would remain unaffected. This idea is all very well, but, as the "Repertorio" points out, it won't hold water. Were Spanish arms victorious, had Montojo done up Dewey, Cervera thrashed Schley, Toral re-

pulsed Shafter, Camara ransomed New York, and were Miles and his men pitched into the tolerably tumultuous Caribbean, the effect on Latin America would be dynamic. Events of this nature would so inspirit Spain that, after exacting the return of former possessions in this country, promptly would she proceed to corral her runaway daughters. The story of Ayacucho would be repeated, but with a different moral. From one end of the Andes to the other the blare of bugles would echo again. On the biggest battlefield that history ever saw swords would leap anew from the scabbards. The shock of steel and the scramble would be too alluring for Europe to withstand. The Southern hemisphere would provide an entertainment beside which that of Africa is but a children's party. The ghost of Monroe and his doctrine would be but an added attraction. International law is a beautiful device, but the State that invokes its canons may take it out in invoking unless behind those canons she is prepared to deploy for action. It has been the readiness of this country to take a hand which in familiar instances has prevented any fun of that character. That readiness once impaired and our sisters-in-law might tighten their girdles. Beneath the Southern Cross they would be crucified.

ALFONSO XIII. was recently reported as having an attack of the measles. The despatch added that his illness was not complicated with any other trouble. A little while ago his kingdom enjoyed a prosperity which, if not prodigious, was patent. To-day that country is a vanquished bankrupt. A few months since his crown was a glare of glorious gems. To-day the prettiest of them have been practically extracted. At the beginning of the present year Don Carlos was asleep on a Venetian lagoon. Last week he was making faces over the frontier. That after all this Alfonsito should have the measles is unfortunate. But that his illness should not be complicated with any other trouble is miraculous. Were he older he might go mad on his tottering throne. There is the charm of adolescence.

MISS JANET JENNINGS, the Red Cross nurse who accompanied the wounded on the terrible trip of the "Seneca" from Siboney, has a name which, if not quite as musical as that of Florence Nightingale, may yet be trusted to haunt history as long. Single-handed, in that pestilential ship, she lifted up a hundred men from death. Those who stood about and witnessed the tirelessness of her unceasing efforts have expressed the hope that she shall obtain a fitting reward. But what? There is the Golden Rose, a decoration occasionally distributed among virtuous queens. It is not good enough. There are the gold eagles of a popular subscription. They are beneath her. There is lucre, there is love. Of the one she has no need, the other she exhales. What, then, is the fitting reward which those who stood about hope she may obtain? The consciousness of duty performed? It is hers. Fame? She has achieved it. The applause of empty hands? Say rather the benedictions of the devout. This gentlewoman is not a heroine, she is a saint.

MISS SCHLEY'S trip to Madrid has been editorially reprovved as unladylike. Let us see about that. There are many ways in which a gentleman may be recognized. The characteristics of a gentlewoman are quite as marked. But for the latter there is a test which is infallible: she does nothing important. The trip to Madrid was not an important thing.

EDGAR SALTUS.

THE PROPOSED TERMS OF PEACE

AT the hour when we write, it is uncertain whether the terms of peace offered to the Madrid government by President McKinley will be accepted, although they are far more generous than Spain had any reason to expect and more generous than the terms that will be offered at a later date, when we have been compelled to make a further expenditure of blood and treasure. Let us look somewhat closely at these terms, and consider whether they are likely to be ratified by the Senate, without whose assent the treaty, of course, will have no validity.

According to the daily newspapers, the statements of which relating to the subject have not been officially contradicted, the proposals made by the President are these: First, Spain is to abandon all her possessions in the Caribbean Sea as a condition precedent to negotiations of peace. In the second place, the United States are to determine the respective rights of the two countries in the Philippine Islands by negotiation, it being understood that the very least we shall insist upon will be a naval base in the Ladrões, and a naval base with sufficient contiguous territory to make it self-supporting in the Philippines. In the third place, pending the conclusion of negotiations, the United States are to retain all that they now hold in the Pacific Ocean. It will be observed that nothing is here said about the payment of a money indemnity by Spain such as was exacted, in addition to territorial compensation, by Bismarck at the close of the Franco-German war. Neither is there any reference to the settlement of the long-standing claims of American citizens against the Madrid government for the confiscation or devas-

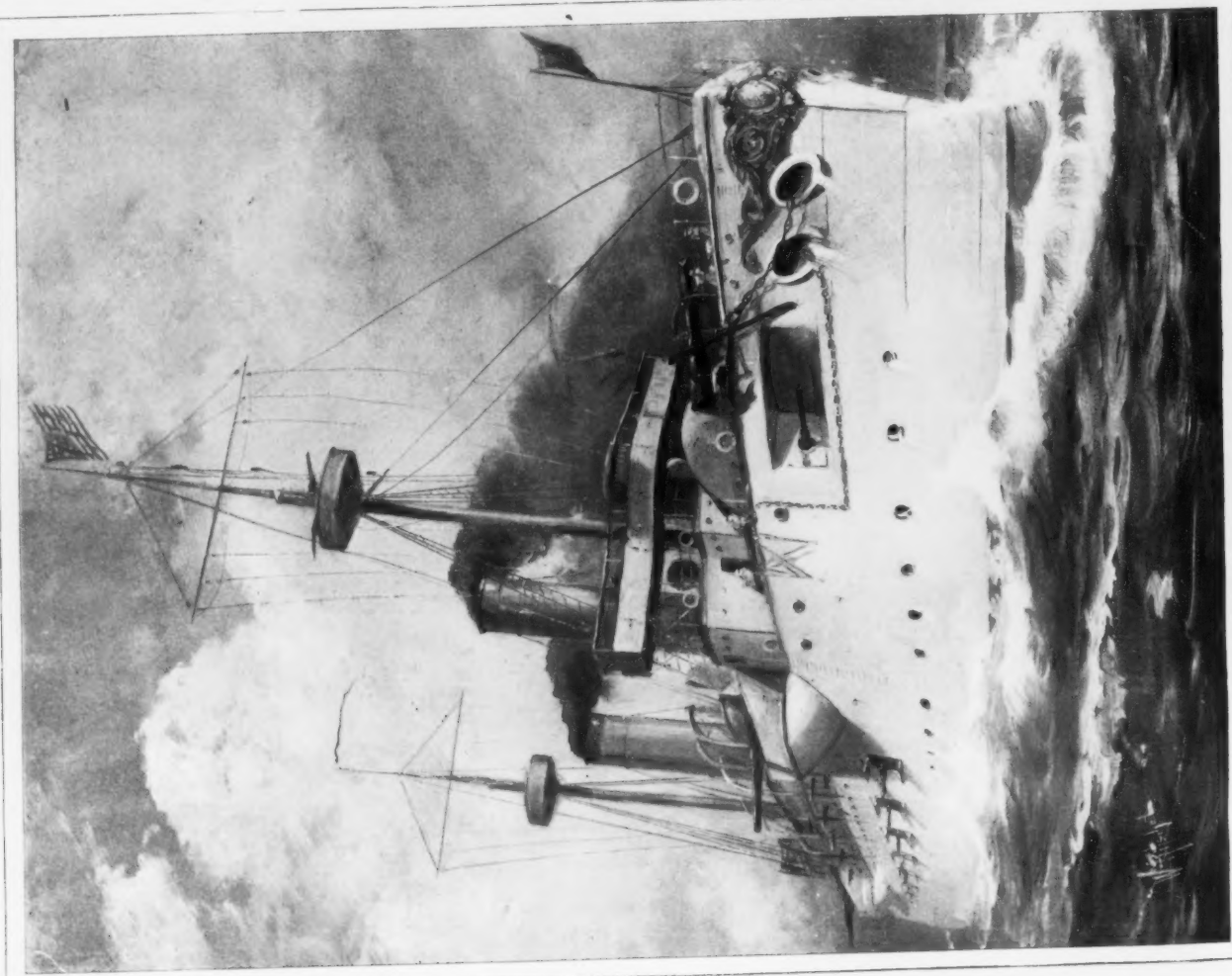
tation of their property in Cuba. There is no allusion, either, to Spain's desire that some provision should be made for the so-called Cuban and Puerto Rico debts. What are we to infer from the silence maintained with relation to these matters? As regards a money indemnity, we may assume that this is waived for the conclusive reason that Spain is unable to pay any, unless, indeed, we should permit her to sell the Philippines. She could, undoubtedly, obtain for them \$500,000,000 from England, three-fifths of which, transferred to us, would go a long way toward the reimbursement of our outlay, while the remaining two-fifths would set the Madrid government on its feet and signally increase its means of suppressing Carlist disaffection. The sale of the Philippines, however, to England would be an exceedingly difficult and delicate diplomatic operation, owing to the danger of provoking jealousy and even animosity on the part of other European States interested in the Far East. On the whole, then, we may reasonably take for granted that no money indemnity will be asked for. The claims of American citizens against Spain are not so easily disposed of. Even these, however, it is probable that Spain would be unable to pay, for they amount, collectively, to tens of millions of dollars. In that event, it would seem but equitable that our own government should undertake to pay them, when their amounts have been judicially ascertained. It would be preposterous to enter upon a war for the deliverance of Cubans, who are foreigners, and, at the same time, sacrifice the interests of our own citizens. In this matter, the Senate will undoubtedly insist that charity begins at home. We come now to the reticence observed in regard to the debts which have been saddled upon the revenues of Cuba and Puerto Rico; this we may safely construe as equivalent to a peremptory refusal to recognize these obligations in any way. Even had the moneys procured by the loans contracted in the names of Cuba and Puerto Rico been expended for the benefit of those islands, which, notoriously, is not the case, we should not be liable to the holders of the securities. There is no precedent for such liability; when Germany annexed Alsace and part of Lorraine, she was not even requested to assume that part of the French debt which might be debited to those provinces. The money borrowed in the name of Cuba and Puerto Rico has been expended by Spain for her own purposes, and the lenders must look to her for reimbursement. The Senate will insist that the islands must come to us unmortgaged.

So much for the questions that are left unnoticed in the terms of peace, as these have been made known to us. Now let us look at the positive demands and their immediate consequences, if granted. Consider, first, the duty which the evacuation of Cuba would impose upon us. If Captain-general Blanco should propose to-morrow to leave Havana, Matanzas, Cardenas and other large towns now garrisoned with Spanish regulars, we could not accept the offer, for we have no soldiers on the spot ready to occupy those places and to maintain there peace and order. It will take fifty thousand men to repress and disarm the so-called "volunteers" of Spanish descent in Havana alone, and considerable bodies of soldiery will be needed for the same purpose in each of the principal towns. In Puerto Rico, it is probable that the number of men originally detailed for the expedition under General Miles will suffice for an army of occupation, and there, owing to the different spirit evinced by the inhabitants, the preparations for the establishment of a civil administration are likely to go on with comparative celerity. The corresponding work in Cuba may prove a long and troublesome process; but it will be our duty thoroughly to pacify the island before we leave it to try the experiment of self-rule. The men of Spanish descent will have to learn that their day of special privilege is over, and the Cuban insurgents, upon their part, will have to be taught that the United States will not connive at vindictive and barbarous reprisals. It is impossible to foretell how long a time may elapse before we are able to instill the feeling of mutual toleration, without which the Cuban and Spanish inhabitants of the island cannot co-exist as free and equal citizens of the same commonwealth. One thing is certain, namely, that the armed Cubans under Gomez, Garcia and other representatives of the so-called insurgent government—which, by the way, has not yet been recognized by President McKinley even as a belligerent—will find themselves mistaken if they imagine that they will be at liberty to enter the large towns immediately after their evacuation by the Spanish regulars and to commit there such atrocities as were perpetrated by Weyler's soldiers in the rural districts. Beyond a doubt, the sufferings of the Cubans have been horrible, and their thirst for vengeance is but natural; our country, however, owes a duty to civilization and cannot be an accomplice in retributive massacres, the ultimate effect of which would be to debar Cuba from any hope of prosperous development, and condemn the island irretrievably to the lamentable fate of Hayti.

We pass to that condition of peace which relates to the Philippines. In the first place, it is to be noted that negotiations regarding the disposition to be made of these islands will not apparently begin until the evacuation of Cuba and Puerto Rico has been completed. This, practically, means that they will not begin until after the termination of the rainy season, for, after our experience at Santiago, we should not dream of sending from fifty to eighty thousand men to Cuba during the prevalence of yellow fever. It follows that, before the condi-

tion precedent to negotiations can be fulfilled, many things may happen in the Philippines. Of the surrender of Manila we are likely to hear at any hour, and that should be only the first step toward the occupation of important strategic points in the island of Luzon. That we shall have any prolonged trouble with the insurgents under Aguinaldo seems improbable. German intrigues with them will cease when we are once in possession of the capital, and the insurgents themselves would doubtless accept with eagerness the large measure of liberty that they would enjoy, were Luzon to be governed by us as a territory, could they be thoroughly convinced that, under no circumstances, will their island, or any considerable part of it, be given back to the Spaniards. To be delivered from the frightful oppression of Spanish friars and Spanish officials is the one thing they pray for in this world. That being their paramount desire, we regret to say that the terms of peace proposed by President McKinley are scarcely calculated to tranquilize the situation in Luzon, so far as the insurgents are concerned. It is true that the acquisition of a coaling station and of a certain contiguous territory is put forward as merely the minimum exaction, and it may be that the President really contemplates the retention of at least the whole of Luzon. The Spaniards, however, having in mind the traditions of their own haggling diplomacy, and unable to comprehend straightforward overtures, are certain to construe this minimum as the maximum that we shall insist upon. It is to be feared that the insurgents, who have suffered so often from Spanish perfidy, will take a similar view, and will infer that the Americans, having got all they wanted, intend to turn them over to the tender mercies of the Spaniards, after, perhaps, going through the form of exacting such worthless guarantees of amnesty and good government as were given by Martinez Campos to the Cubans in 1878. The danger is that the insurgents, once convinced that we mean to desert them, will turn, in their desperation, to the Germans, and, as self-preservation is the first law of nature, we do not hesitate to say that they would be amply justified in doing so. It is certain that the American people, who entered upon this war to deliver from oppression the subjects of Spain in the Antilles, will never tolerate the employment of American soldiers in the Philippines for the purpose of replacing insurgents under the Spanish yoke. As we conceive it to be our duty to speak with friendly frankness, we do not hesitate to say that if, immediately after Admiral Dewey's victory at Cavite, we had boldly announced an irrevocable determination to annex the Philippines and give them all the tranquillity, order and civil liberty which are enjoyed by the inhabitants of our Territories, we should have had no trouble, and no apprehension of trouble, either with Germany or with the insurgents. It was the uncertainty regarding our intentions, an uncertainty which has been but too well justified by events, that caused the insurgents to view our professions of friendship and protection with suspicion, and suggested to Germany the idea that she might have a chance to interpose between Spain and her revolted subjects in the interests of civilization. The truth is that we failed to turn Admiral Dewey's splendid triumph at Cavite to timely and proper account. That victory occurred on May 1; yet three months elapsed before our War Department was able to forward soldiers enough to occupy the city. It may be that such delay was unavoidable, but, in that case, it was the duty of the State Department to bridge over the interval by making known the intentions of our government in terms unmistakable by either Germans or insurgents. The failure to do so has already had unpleasant consequences, and may end by making us a laughing stock. If it is only a coaling station and a bit of adjoining territory that we want in the Philippines, why on earth have we despatched thither six military expeditions? Such a trivial concession would have been willingly made by Spain in return for our waiver of a money indemnity. It may be said that, when General Merritt was despatched to Manila, the Administration had not made up its mind with regard to the disposition of the Philippines. We answer that it is the business of an Administration to make up its mind before it sends tens of thousands of soldiers across the Pacific.

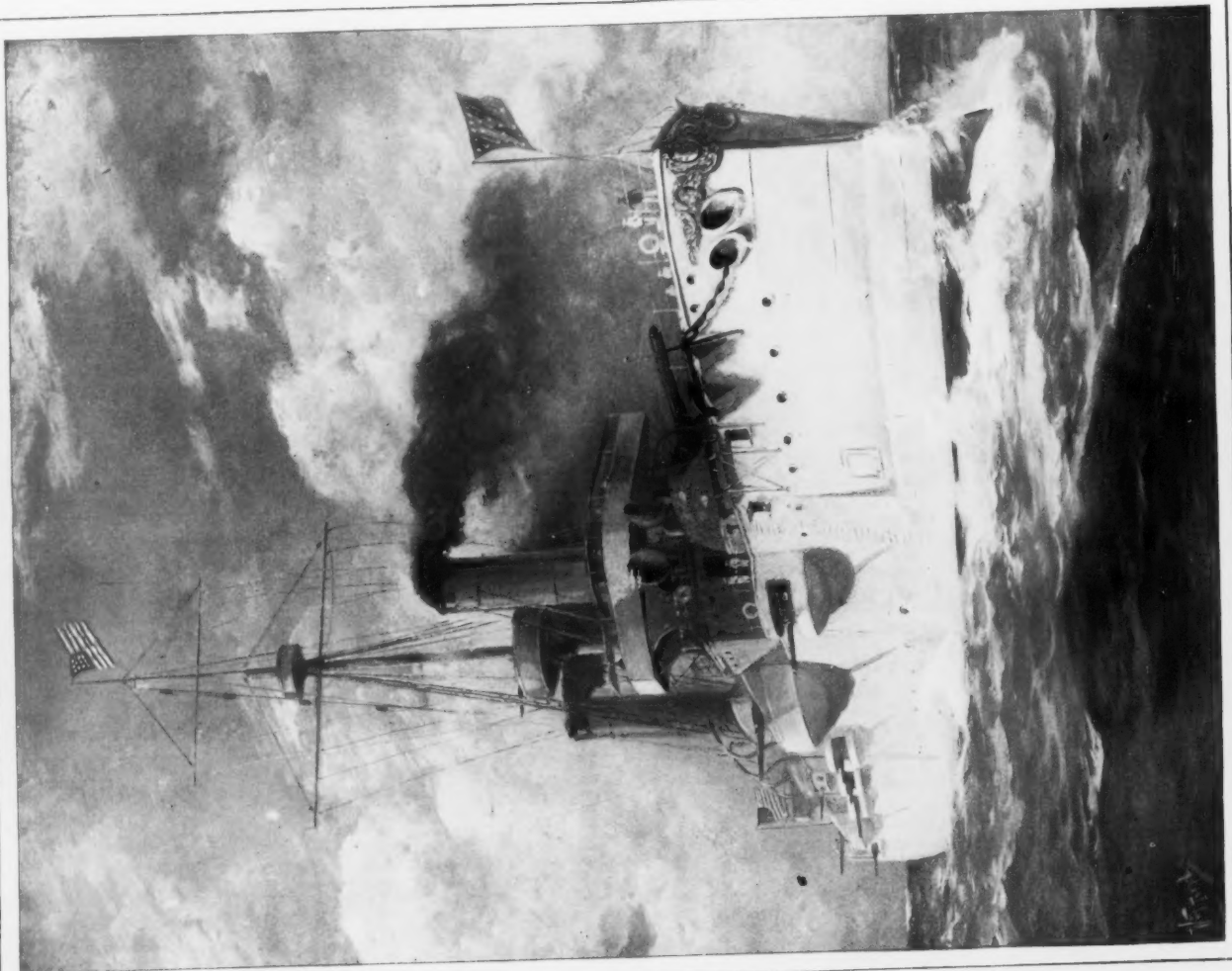
It may be said that, in all negotiations for peace, it is customary for the victorious party to agree to restore some part of what it has acquired, in order that the beaten government may "save its face" in the eyes of its own subjects. We reply that a great deal is conceded when we waive the claims for a pecuniary indemnity. If the restitution of a certain amount of territory is also needed, we should have waited until our navy had captured the Canaries and Minorca. Then we should have been able to give back something, which we did not desire to keep, and which we would have been under no moral obligation to keep. The case is otherwise with regard to the Philippines. There we incurred a moral obligation to the insurgents when we gave them an opportunity and material encouragement to revolt. Now our government purposes, apparently, to abandon them. At all events, that is the construction which Germans and the insurgents alike will put upon our announcement that we shall stand out firmly for a coaling station and a bit of territory, which, of course, will be understood to mean that in the end we shall be content with such a sorry outcome of Dewey's victory and Merritt's expedition. We do not believe that such an outcome will prove acceptable to the Senate.



"MARIA TERESA"

TWO OF ADMIRAL CERVERA'S ARMORED CRUISERS AS THEY WILL APPEAR UNDER THE AMERICAN FLAG

(Painted from photographs by William Retschell)



"CRISTOBAL COLON"



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PRINCE BISMARCK: FROM A PAINTING MADE BY LENBACH IN 1894

(Reproduced by permission of the Berlin Photograph Company, New York)

BISMARCK, MAKER OF MODERN GERMANY

THE death of Bismarck removes the greatest personal political force that Europe has known since the fall of the first Napoleon. There have been a few wise kings and many astute politicians, but above them all Bismarck towers like a giant among pigmies. Not only did he achieve the seemingly impossible—the consolidation of the German people into a German nation—but he made the nation itself so powerful that it has compelled peace between nations that never before were so well prepared for war nor so willing to fly at one another's throats.

Bismarck was born in 1815, of stock that in

England would be called a "good county family." His youthful days were devoid of any incidents that could commend him as an example to young men. He attended a university, but was not reputed a student; among brawlers, duelists, gamblers and heavy drinkers, however, his standing was enviable. There is a distinction between studying and learning. Bismarck may have neglected text-books and lectures, yet it is evident that his mind was always alert, his perceptions quick, and his powers of mental assimilation and digestion remarkable. To his natural intellectual power rather than to his studies must be ascribed his success in passing an examination in law in his twentieth year. He then entered the service of his state, or province, in a clerical capacity; but he soon wearied of office routine, and for several years he devoted his energies to

farming on a large scale on one of his father's estates. In his thirty-second year he became a member of the "Diet" or parliament which was called, as an experiment, by King Frederic William IV. of Prussia.

At that time the great country now known as Germany consisted of more than twenty kingdoms, principalities, duchies and other political divisions, of which Prussia, with less than ten million inhabitants, was much the largest; some were smaller in area than any American county and with but a few thousand inhabitants. It suited France, the great power of Western Europe, and Russia, the sluggish and suspicious giant of the East, that there should be no single great nation in Central Europe. Italy was not then a nation, but merely a collection of warring states, and Austria, although a member of the

German family, had ambitions to the southward and eastward that could best be furthered when the other German powers were at odds. That the rule existed solely for the sake of the rulers was still the principle at the foundation of government, so by all outside powers as well as by themselves the several geographical divisions of Germany were encouraged to be jealous of one another and to make the most of their opportunities. Besides in Prussia, there were kings and courts in Bavaria, Hanover, Saxony and Wurttemberg, and these, as well as smaller powers, sent ambassadors to the great powers and took part in all of the political intrigues of the Continent.

For many years a longing for unity had been felt by the higher sentimentalists and even by some politicians of the German states; but, as absolutism was the rule, there was danger to liberty and life for any one who might give expression to the sentiment in any practical manner. The French Revolution of 1848, however, which drove Louis Philippe from his throne and established a short-lived republic, roused the German people to move for closer union. The leaders of the movement were too radical for their time and saved their heads only by fleeing to other countries, principally to the United States. Nevertheless, the rulers of the German states were so badly frightened that they promised reforms as volubly as Spain has since done on several occasions, and a German parliament, elected by suffrage almost as general and free as that of the United States, tried to found a German empire.

The best result obtainable at the time was the Diet that met at Frankfurt and consisted of a representative of the several German states. One of these was Austria, which, although little if any larger than Prussia, at once assumed leadership, in which it was supported by most of the South German states. Austria's manner, which always had been arrogant, provoked Bismarck, the Prussian representative in the Diet, through its restraining effect upon his most darling habit—that of smoking. Among Bismarck's own tales of the Diet is the following: "At the sittings of the Military Committee, when Rochow was the Prussian representative at the Diet, Austria alone smoked. Rochow, who was a furious smoker, certainly would have liked to do it, but did not venture. When I succeeded him I, too, hunkered after a cigar, and as I did not see why I should not have it, I asked the power in the president's chair for a light, which seemed to cause him and the other gentlemen both astonishment and displeasure. It was evidently an event for them. That time only Austria and Prussia smoked. But the other gentlemen thought the matter so serious that they reported it to their respective courts. The matter required careful deliberation, and for half a year only the two great powers smoked. Then Schrenck, the Bavarian envoy, asserted the dignity of his position by smoking. Nostitz, the Saxon, certainly had also a wish to do so, but had not received the necessary authority from his minister. When, however, he saw Bothmer, the Hanoverian, indulging himself at the next sitting, he also took a cigar out of his case and puffed away. Only Wurttemberg and Darmstadt were left, and they were not personally in the habit of smoking. But the honor and dignity of their states imperatively required it, so the next time we met Wurttemberg produced a cigar. I see it now—the long, thin, light-yellow thing—and smoked at least half of it as a burnt offering to the fatherland."

No sooner was the confederation fairly formed than Austria and Prussia strove for the mastery, and so determined was the strife that soon it became evident that one or the other of these two powers must be excluded in the interest of harmony. Prussia won, but the victory was barren; for, although Austria was excluded, she still had friends, and when the crown of nominally united Germany was offered to the Prussian king it was declined for the reason that only by a successful war could Prussia gain all the smaller powers. Such success was impossible; for Russia, objecting to a close German union, sided with Austria.

During this period of uncertainty Bismarck was the last person whom any one would have selected as a possible founder of a German empire. Whatever he may have thought of the theory of "the divine right of kings"—a theory which he afterward trampled upon as mercilessly as any republican—he was an absolutist: a believer in one-man government. Alternately he laughed at the liberals and cursed them; he could not tolerate even a constitutional government. Although a Prussian, he admired and praised the absolutism of Austria, where political discontent was suppressed by bullets. Yet this course won for him the admiration of his own king, who made him Prussia's representative of the Diet of such union as existed between the states.

In 1861 William I. became king of Prussia. He was an honest, well-meaning man, but nevertheless a soldier, and consequently believed that all government should be by force; that is, by the army. He needed a prime minister of his own way of thinking, and who should also abound in force and courage; so he recalled Bismarck, who had been made Prussian ambassador to Russia. Bismarck, although forty-five years of age, and as self-confident as strong natures in general, had

more self-control than vanity. He had already studied the political needs of his country; he had made Russia as friendly to Prussia as Russia could be to any neighboring nation and he wished to do a similar service in France, so he asked that he might first represent Germany at the court of Napoleon III., his purpose being to strengthen Prussia against possible Austrian interference with his own plan of German union. That he had such a plan, at that early day, has never been authoritatively announced, but its existence cannot be doubted in the light of his subsequent acts.

In France, as in Russia, he was entirely successful. Although his intellectual acuteness and force is generally credited to the result, his personality was probably quite as effective. Socially, as in all ways, he was a giant. No greater mistake can be made than to regard him merely as a man of "blood and iron." His enemies agree with his friends that there never was a more companionable man than Bismarck in his hour of ease. He had read everything, thought of everything. He was a brilliant conversationalist, a man of infinite geniality, courtesy and tact, and his magnificent physical constitution made him untiring in social duties and pleasures. He was almost the only man in diplomatic circles who was absolutely devoid of the social vices most common in Europe; his private character was stainless and he was honored by all women who knew him. Among diplomatists he was unique in possessing the virtue of truthfulness, so to him truth became an absolute mask until rulers and ministers learned, too late, that, contrary to all precedent, he meant exactly what he had said. To be truthful does not necessarily imply that a man is honest—but of that later.

From the day of his acceptance of the portfolio of the Prussian premier until, nearly thirty years later, he was compelled to retire, his career was a succession of storms, all of which he probably enjoyed. King William wished a larger army; the people objected to the expense. Bismarck fought the people and conquered them. His first fight with other nations was with Denmark, over the Schleswig-Holstein duchies; he went to war and conquered. The result was, for a time, a division of control of the duchies by Prussia and Austria, but this was ended by the war of 1866, in which Austria was defeated and reduced to the position of a second-rate power. In this war Austria was supported by some of the larger German states, but these were brought to Prussia's side by the result.

Four years later occurred the Franco-German War. Much has been said on both sides as to the responsibility of this conflict—the greatest that modern Europe has known since the days of the first Napoleon; but it is known that the governments of both nations had desired it, and that each was awaiting a time that would be most satisfactory to itself. Napoleon III. was endlessly scheming to add to his nation's domain, and all of his plans boded ill to the extension of Prussian influence. The bone of contention, at the time, was the possibility of a prince of the German royal family becoming king of Spain; apparently it had been removed by the withdrawal of the prince as a candidate, but a somewhat offensive demand of the French emperor was magnified, through "editing," by Bismarck, of the demand until when the paper reached the German people it was as unscrupulous a forgery as ever was committed. Germany was entirely prepared for war; France not at all, and within two months Napoleon was a prisoner of war and France raised new armies only to be beaten and slaughtered on French territory.

An indirect result of this war was something for which German sentimentalists, patriots and politicians had until then longed in vain—the unification of Germany. Religion had previously stood in the way, for most of the North German states were Protestant, the South German states Catholic, but the fear of invasion united them in the field and the soldiers' touch of the elbow did the rest. While the armies were in the field political union was provided for by treaty, and the outward formal proclamation of the German empire was made with grand dramatic effect, never to be forgotten by either Germany or France, in the legislative building of the French capital.

But there was a greater and longer war awaiting Bismarck—a war with the Catholic Church, which for political reasons did not wish to see a great nation created in Central Europe and for religious reasons objected to a Protestant power dominating a number of Catholic states. The Catholic party in the new German parliament was comparatively small, never numbering more than one-fourth of the entire body; but what it lacked in numbers it fairly made up in ability, energy and persistency. Bismarck stormed, threatened, protested that he would never "go to Canossa," but for the first and only time in his life he was finally compelled to compromise and to remain under suspicion of the enemy for the remainder of his period of power.

No sooner had the battle with the Church ended than Bismarck found himself at war with the "Social Democrats," as the extreme radicals called themselves. This political faction consisted of all the discontented, principally in the German cities, who had been infected by socialism, anarchism and various other theories of the class that in all lands is determined to reap where others have sown and to compel the community to support every one who is too lazy or too vicious

to care properly for themselves. What this class lacked in sense was replaced by venom, but Bismarck met it by salutary paternalism that appealed to the mass of the nation, and one result that tended strongly toward peace was a system of compulsory insurance against lack of support in old age—the first national system of the kind in the world.

Nevertheless, Germany became a great military camp. The strength of the army was steadily increased, for the new nation was absolutely without friends; it was hated by France, suspected by Russia, feared by Austria and also by Italy. To be prepared for war yet to avoid war, Bismarck set his finer faculties at the work of conciliation, and so skillful was he that there was soon formed the "Dreibund"—the union of three powers, Germany, Austria and Italy—for mutual protection against any enemy of either. The task was not so hard as it seemed; for Italy, united in name but not in spirit, feared that Austria might strive to regain Venetia and Piedmont, which she had lost largely through the defeat of Austria by Germany at Sadowa; Austria, whose only hope of territorial aggrandizement was now in the eastward, had Russia to fear. As Russia was the only possible ally of France—Germany's determined enemy—Bismarck did not scruple to enter into a private "understanding" with Russia, the only possible foe of his ally Austria, and no one doubts that he would have sacrificed Austria had Russian interests required him to do so. That there was anything dishonorable in this double-dealing never occurred to him; he was a German, and his duty was solely to his native land.

In all the incidents heretofore narrated Bismarck was literally Germany, for the Emperor William, although as dictatorial by nature as any of the Roman Caesars, was not of commanding intellect; reposing implicit trust in Bismarck's loyalty and ability, he was probably the most easily managed of European sovereigns. The Reichstag—the German parliament—was far from pliable, but Bismarck held it in utter contempt and treated it accordingly. His manner toward it was that of a general with an overwhelming force at his back, and his mere appearance terrified the majority, for he always appeared in full military uniform, sword and all, and when he strode forward to speak, his gigantic stature and breadth, his defiant, scowling face, and his great hand toying restlessly with his sword-hilt were so impressive that the opposition trembled visibly.

When the Emperor William died and his son Frederick ascended the throne there was no change in Bismarck's policy and manner, although the "Iron Chancellor" knew well that his methods were utterly detested by the new emperor. It was not until the present incumbent came to the throne that Bismarck was compelled to admit to himself that he was no longer the ruler of Germany. Friction began at once between chancellor and emperor; for although the latter was not destitute of either head or heart, his strongest conviction was that a sovereign should rule personally and not through a prime minister. In the game of statecraft Bismarck had always held in his sleeve a card which he trusted to win—it was the threat that he would resign. Finally he played it, and lost, for the young emperor hastened the resignation by a threat of dismissal.

After that event, Bismarck's political career was not creditable to his patriotism nor to his self-respect; but it must be admitted that his provocation was great, for the young emperor's manner was vindictive and mean in the extreme. Such consolation as could come of the high esteem of almost the entire German people was Bismarck's to the full, but it was not sufficient; the displaced chancellor was literally the rejected ruler of a nation which he himself had made as well as faithfully served. Several years later there was a formal reconciliation; but no politician—least of all Bismarck—was deceived by it, nor did the ex-chancellor cease to criticize savagely the government and its acts; his personal newspaper organ was the sharpest thorn in the emperor's side and of great comfort to Germany's political enemies.

Personally, Bismarck was scrupulously honest. Although his political position gave him innumerable opportunities for making money by means which officials everywhere regard as honorable, his fortune consisted only of the income of his estates and of the gifts, in money, which he had received from the government and the people of Germany. His home life since his retirement was that of a simple country gentleman; indeed, his habits never were extravagant or ostentatious, for he believed in setting an example of frugality for the German official class, all of which is very poorly paid.

Bismarck received from the old emperor every possible mark of honor—the Iron Cross, and the titles of Count, Field Marshal and Prince, as well as frequent assurances of personal regard. Against these the insults of the present emperor are powerless in the minds of the German people.

SANITARY PRECAUTIONS.

The inspectors of the factories where the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is produced, have access at all times to the dairymen's premises with authority to exact every sanitary precaution. Such care results in a perfect infant food.

THE FIGHT AT MANZANILLO

NEXT in magnitude to our victories at Manila and the destruction of Cervera's fleet was the naval success in the harbor of Manzanillo, a small city on the southern coast of Cuba. Early in the morning of July 18 seven vessels of our blockading fleet entered the harbor; as the depth of water was not great, the largest craft of the little fleet were the gunboats "Wilmington," Commander Todd, and "Helena," Commander Swinburne, each of about fourteen hundred tons. Besides these were armed yachts "Scorpion," eight hundred and fifty tons, Lieutenant-Commander Marix; "Hist," Lieutenant Young; and "Hornet," Lieutenant Helm, of about five hundred tons each, and the tugs "Wompatuck," Lieutenant Jungen, and "Osceola," Lieutenant Purcell. The largest guns of the "Wilmington" and "Helena" are of 4-inch caliber; the "Scorpion" carried four 5-inch guns, but the other vessels had no arms heavier than 6-pounders. To prevent the escape of the enemy's gunboats and other vessels, and also to avoid the possibility of failure should one of our own vessels be sunk, Commander Todd, the senior officer present, advanced his ships in three divisions, by as many different channels of the harbor.

The purpose was to capture or destroy several Spanish gunboats and transports, at the same time avoiding engagement with the fortifications ashore. The attack, therefore, had to be made at long range, yet Commander Todd was able afterward to report as follows:

"At ten minutes to eight fire was opened on the shipping, and after a deliberate fire, lasting about two hours and a half, three Spanish transports—'El Gloria,' 'José García' and 'La Purísima Concepción'—were burned and destroyed. The pontoon, which was the harbor guard, and a store-ship, probably for ammunition, were burned and blown up. Three gunboats were destroyed. One other was driven ashore and sunk, and another was driven ashore and is believed to have been disabled. No casualties occurred on board any of our vessels. Great care was taken in directing the fire that as little damage as possible should be done to the city itself, and as far as



COMMANDER C. C. TODD, OF THE GUNBOAT
"WILMINGTON"

could be observed little if any was done. All our vessels were handled with sound discretion and excellent judgment by the several commanding officers, which was to have been expected from the men commanding the vessels of this force."

As all Spanish transports are armed, it would appear that the two forces were of about equal

strength except that the enemy could retire to the shore batteries for support. Yet absolutely all of the Spanish vessels were driven ashore, disabled or burned; so Commander Todd's work was thoroughly done without loss of life and apparently without harm to any of his vessels. An engagement so successful in all respects has seldom been reported.

BALLADE OF WAR AND PEACE

The war-clouds glower, the war-clouds fly,
The broken columns dash to and fro—
These eagles of battle shriek on high
And the green mead's dyed to a gory glow,
In the fields of peace where the wheat waves
flow
'Neath quiet skies in a madcap sea,
Oh! the lilies dream and the lilies blow,
And the white dove coos in the white rose tree.

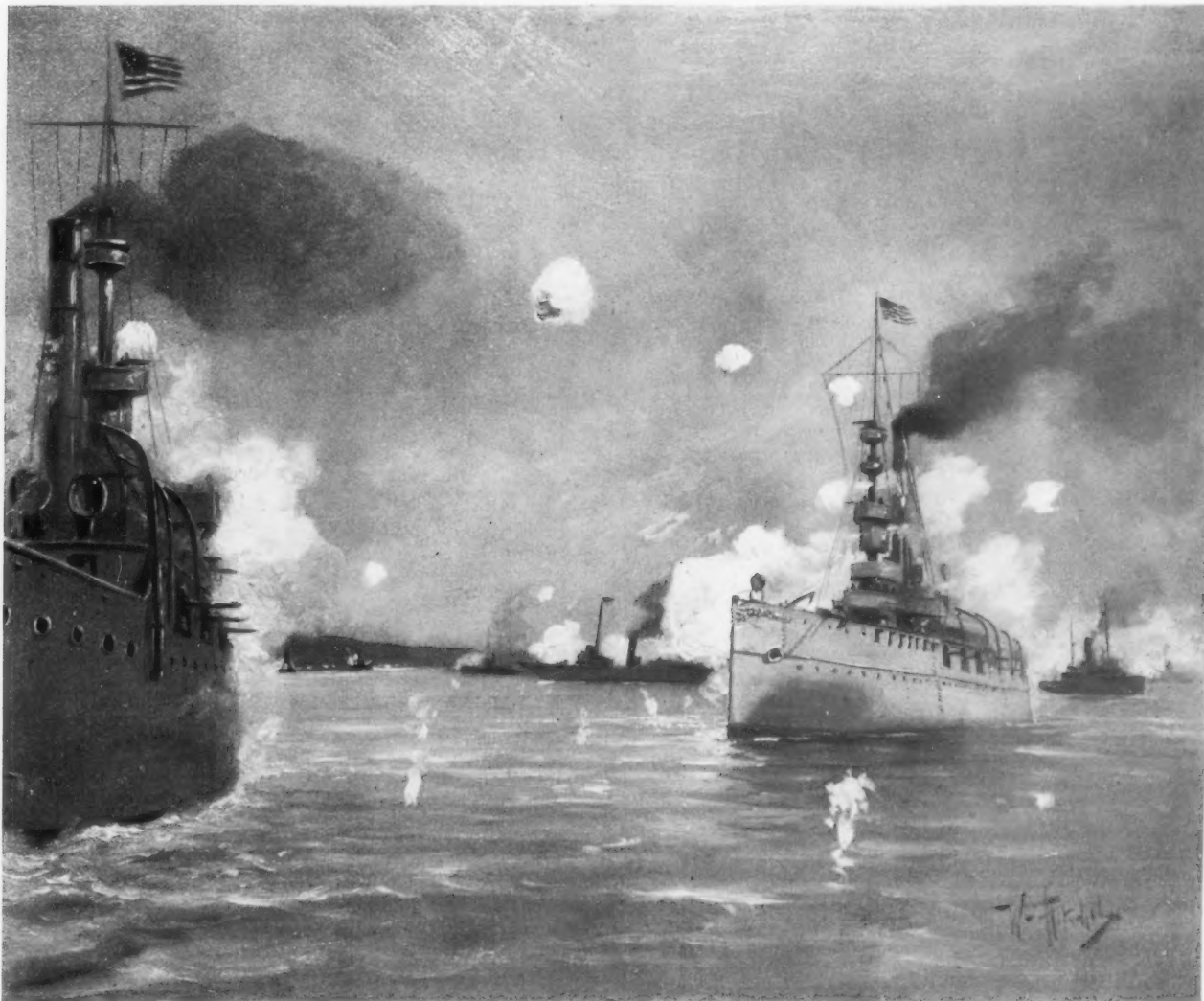
The trumpets blare and the banners vie—
The smoke of the fight floats high and low;
All groaning and moaning the fallen lie,
And over the mountain drifts the crow,
On the Northern porch where the woodbines
grow
The baby croons on its mother's knee,
The toy soldiers smile in a crooked row,
And the white dove coos in the white rose tree.

The breezes over the new graves sigh,
Where there wasn't a grave a day ago,
And a dirge ascends to the leaden sky—
A sky that is fraught with the gloom of woe;
But the sky smiles sweet where the still hours
know
That the brook blossom bends to the booming bee,
Oh! the mowers sing as they blithely mow,
And the white dove coos in the white rose tree.

EPIQUE

While the soldier dashes to strike the foe,
Though he fall while praying for victory,
The plow down the furrowed field moves slow,
And the white dove coos in the white rose tree.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



"Wilmington."

"Wompatuck."

"Hist."

"Scorpion"

"Helena."

"Osceola."

"Hornet."

OUR GUNBOATS ATTACKING THE SPANISH VESSELS AT MANZANILLO, CUBA, JULY 18

(Drawn by WILLIAM RITSCHER, from descriptions by participants in the Engagement)



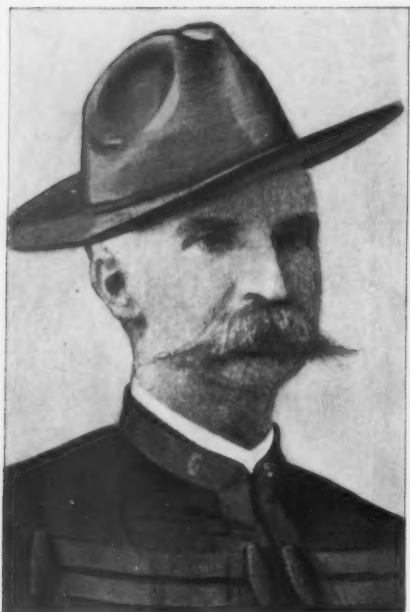
BRIG.-GEN. LOYD WHEATON,
Ordered to Puerto Rico.



BRIG.-GEN. J. R. HUDSON,
Ordered to Puerto Rico.



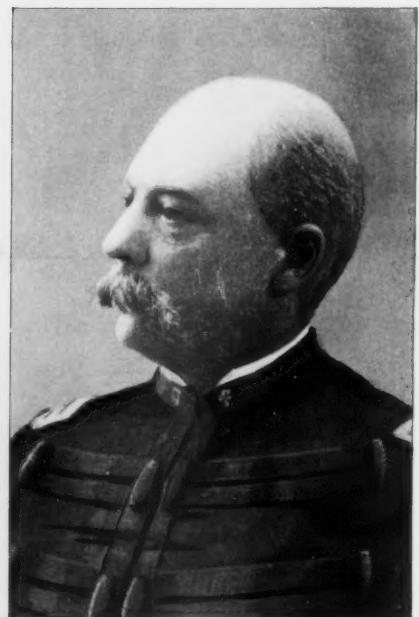
BRIG.-GEN. JOHN S. POLAND,
Ordered to Puerto Rico.



MAJ.-GEN. J. J. COPPINGER,
Ordered to Puerto Rico.



MAJ.-GEN. H. C. MERRIAM,
Commanding Department of California.
Photographed by Rose & Hopkins, Denver.



MAJ.-GEN. JAMES F. WADE
Ordered to Puerto Rico.



BRIG.-GEN. SIMON SNYDER,
Ordered to Puerto Rico.



BRIG.-GEN. G. L. GILLESPIE,
Commanding Department of the East.
Photographed by Aime, Dupont, N. Y.

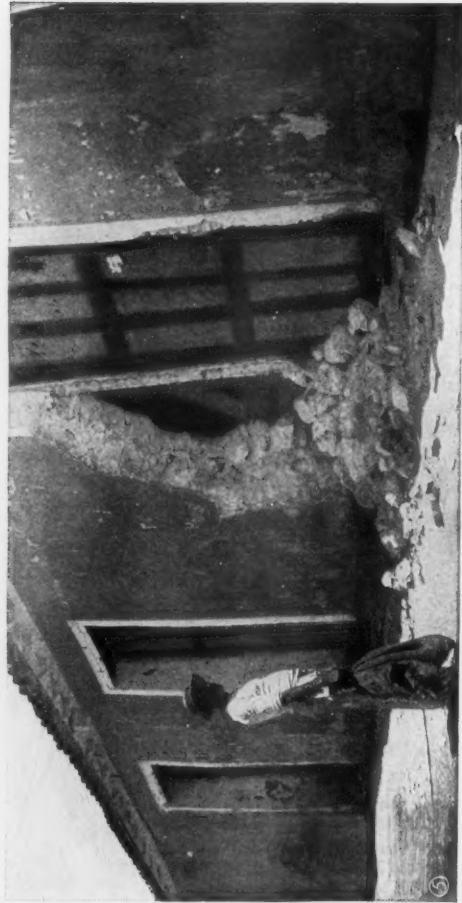
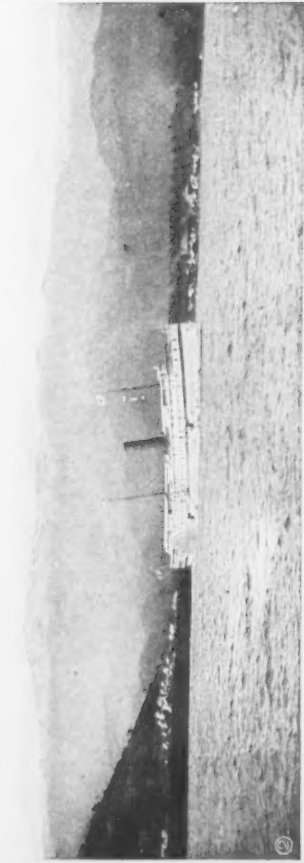


BRIG.-GEN. J. R. LINCOLN,
Ordered to Puerto Rico.



ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN, AND HIS MOTHER, THE QUEEN REGENT

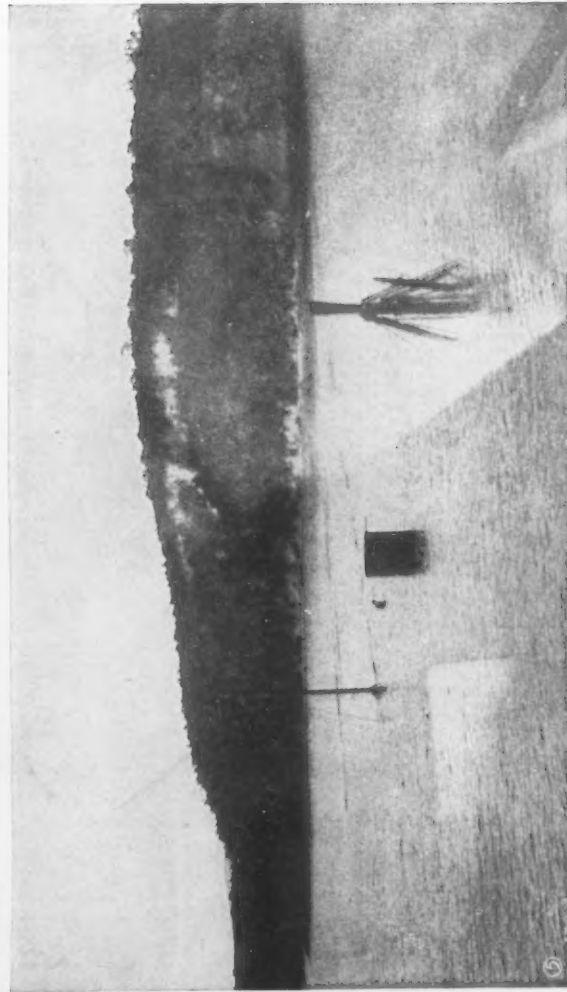
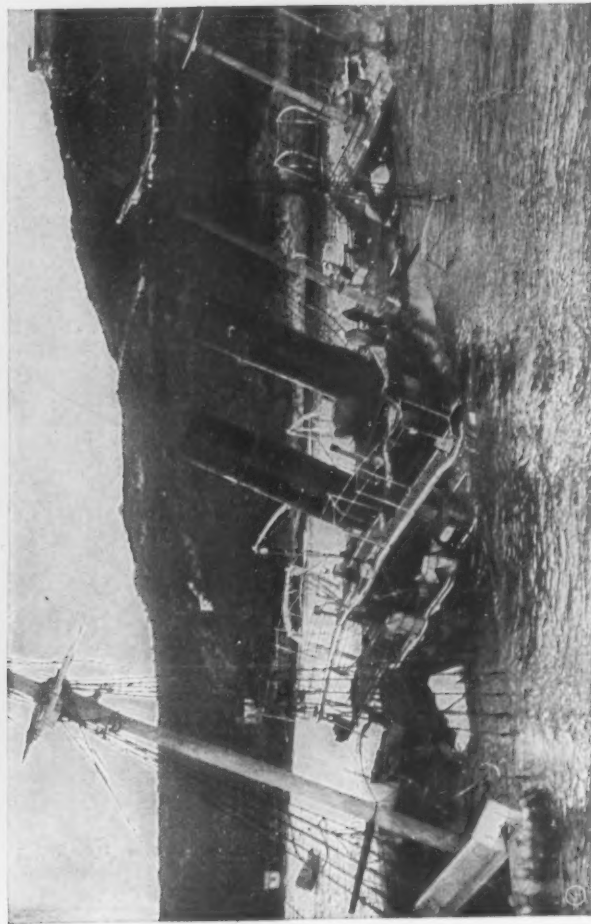
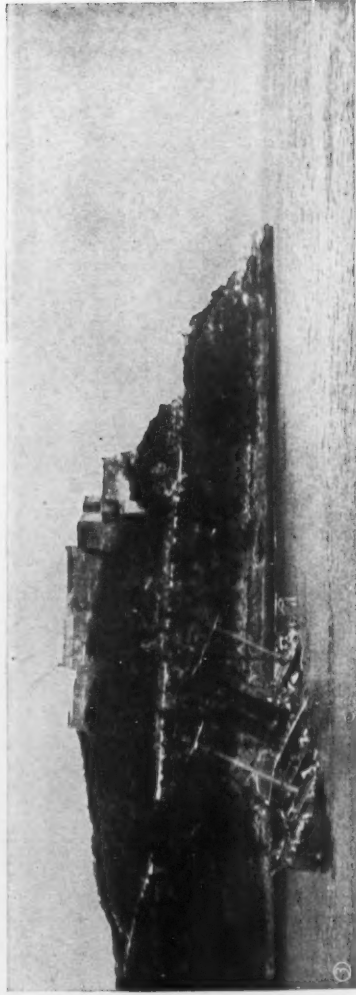
(Painted from a Photograph by T. V. CHOMINSKI)



SANTIAGO AND VICINITY, AFTER THE SURRENDER

(Pictures by our Staff Photographer, JAMES H. HARE)

1. Municipal Building, Santiago.
2. Army Hospital Ship "Relief" at Buquiquei.
3. A Military Funeral, from the Hospital.
4. Provisions for the Refugees.
5. Effect of an Eight Inch Shell from the Fleet.



AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO

(Pictures by our Staff Photographer, JAMES H. HARR)

1. Morro Castle, its Outworks and Water Battery.

2. Harbor Entrance and Water Battery.

3. Wreck of the Spanish Cruiser "Reina Mercedes."

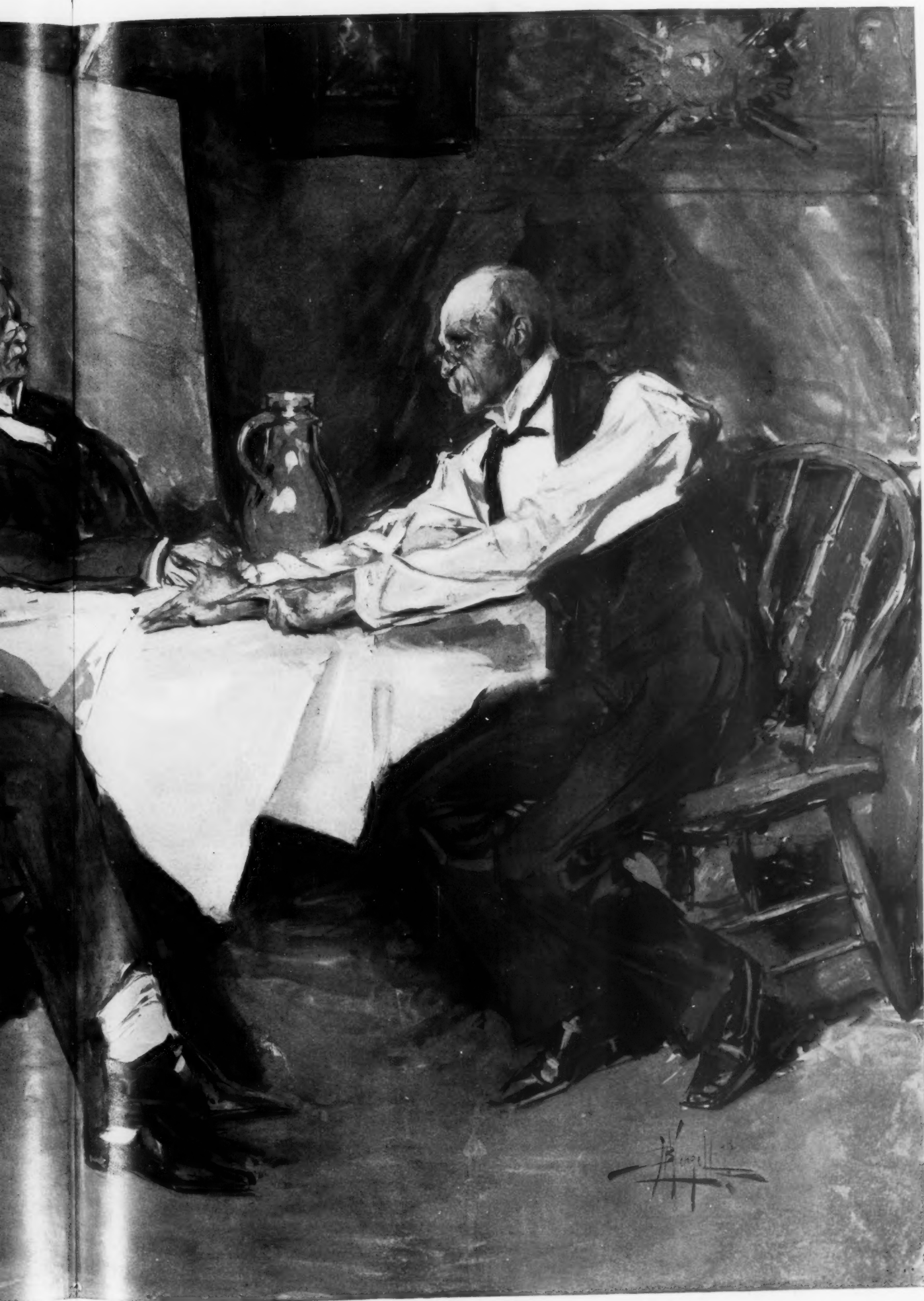
4. Larger View of the Wreck.

5. The only visible Parts of the "Merrimac," sunk by Hood.



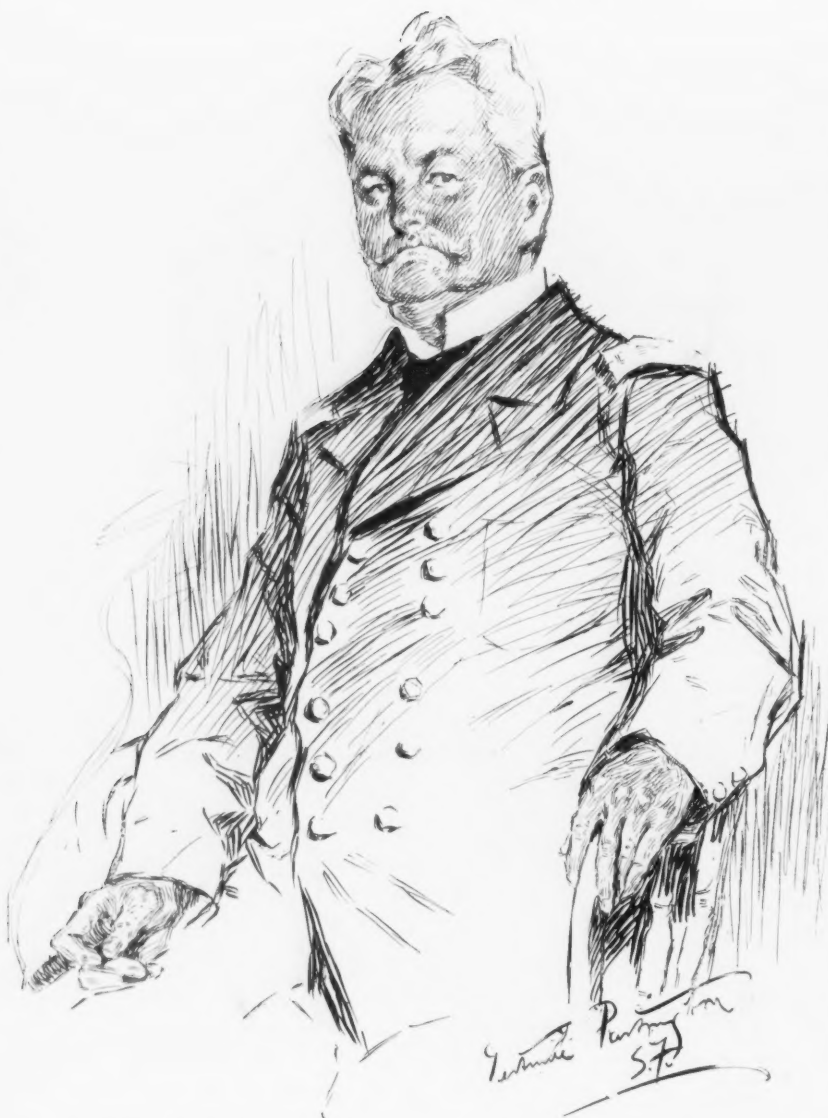
"AN AMATEUR BOAR"

(DRAWN BY A. B.)



R BOARD OF STRATEGY"

DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL)



MAJ.-GEN. WESLEY MERRITT, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
(Drawn, from life, by GERTRUDE PARTINGTON, SAN FRANCISCO)

A CALIFORNIAN APPRECIATION OF GENERAL MERRITT

IN LEAVING San Francisco I want to return my thanks to the people for the care, kindness and consideration they have shown our troops. The soldiers found California the land of sunshine and flowers and San Francisco the most hospitable place in the world. That kind of reception rouses in the soldier's heart the pride of country, and makes him forget the hardships of marching and the fatigue of camp duty. The people can do great things in this respect, but no people could do more than has been done by those of San Francisco.

These words were spoken by General Merritt just before he sailed from San Francisco for the Philippines, and among her many laurels California wears these to-day most proudly.

When one has had the good fortune to meet him, it is quite easy to understand the confidence and devotion which General Merritt inspires in every one. In small things and great alike, absolute dependence can be placed on his word.

There are some doubting Thomases of the Astor Battery of New York, who are now regretting their lack of faith in this well-known characteristic of General Merritt. Ten o'clock A.M., June 29, was set for the sailing of the "Newport," the ship upon which the general, his staff, the Astor Battery and others were to sail for Manila. Ten o'clock came, the "Newport" sailed; but not thereon all the Astor Battery, and the stragglers, who had been trusting to the slipshod official methods they were more or less familiar with, got most distinctly and literally "left." They were shipped a week later—sadder and wiser men—with the first detachment of the fourth expedition.

The manner of General Merritt's going was no less characteristic of the man than the promptness. No bands playing—he had refused permission to his admirers to greet him in that fashion—no banners flying, no gorgeous uniforms, nor the apparently inevitable prancing steed. The mile or so from the general's quarters at the Palace Hotel to the Pacific Mail Docks, where

lay the "Newport," was traversed in a plain carriage, with the entire absence of anything approaching display.

There was nothing to distinguish him from the other officers save, perhaps, a greater simplicity of dress and manner and the fact that he stood bareheaded.

He has a very "English" look, as of a middle-aged country squire. He is fresh and ruddy,

with keen blue eyes and white hair with the gold of youth not completely gone out of it. Tall and erect in figure, he bears his sixty-two years with entire ease and grace. His voice is as gentle as a woman's, and his manner simple, direct, and of distinguished courtesy. He is quite approachable, and there is much more difficulty in seeing some of the big-little officials surrounding him than in obtaining an interview with the general himself.

No reporter whose pleasant duty it was to interview him but has been treated with the utmost kindness and consideration; the task made even easy and delightful by his courteous sympathy and friendly assistance.

It may be of interest to the readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY to know that General Merritt is strongly in favor of the proposed Anglo-American alliance. He expressed himself to me about as follows on the subject:

"I am distinctly in favor of the proposed Anglo-American alliance. It is sure to come sooner or later—if not now, at some time in the near future. We are all of one stock, with the same ideals and purposes, of the same tongue and traditions, and such an alliance would be altogether natural and desirable."

"And Japan?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" and he smiled as though the idea were not disagreeable, if indifferently important; "Japan might come in, too."

That the general is inclined to believe very thoroughly in the friendly attitude of the English people is evidenced by what he said later of Admiral Camara and his fleet, which was then at the Mediterranean entrance of the Suez Canal. I had asked whether the fleet were not likely to prove a menace to the American transports that were then on their way to Manila.

"No," said the general, "our ships are swifter, for one reason; and, again, Camara's fleet is not through the canal yet. You know those great battleships are sometimes of too heavy draught to safely permit their passage through the canal, and a blockade there would mean serious financial loss to the authorities."

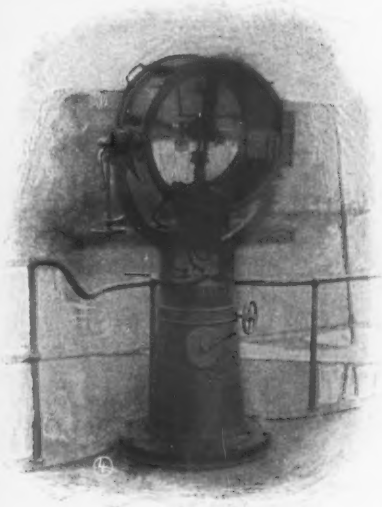
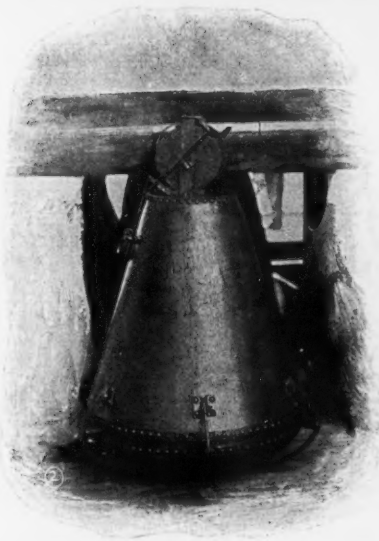
"Ah! For commercial reasons, passage might be refused them?" said I.

"Well, they might put it that way," and General Merritt smiled.

What is more precious to the American people than all the gold in the country—the lives of their citizen soldiers—will be as safe in the hands of General Merritt as the fortunes of war will permit. The most effective sanitary precautions known have been taken to prevent sickness from climatic conditions in the Philippine Islands. Every man is provided with one or more abdominal bandages of flannel, the use of which will be strictly enforced. These bandages are extensively used in the British armies in the tropics, and have been found effective safeguards against dysentery, the most deadly foe in all hot climates. Before going away, General Merritt urged parents and friends of soldiers here to bring all their influence to bear in the interest of scrupulous observance of the health laws, so there should be no unnecessary loss of life. He had found that, especially among the younger men, a soldier's disposition is to imagine himself independent of hygienic conditions—a feeling that such sanitary vigilance is simply "fuss"; so he will risk his life in the most useless and heart-breaking manner through utter carelessness. The general's urgency on this subject endeared him to every hearer who had relative or friend in the army. And we Californians feel that we may leave our men, as well as our country's glory and honor, very safely in the hands of General Merritt.



PUBLIC SQUARE OF SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO, SHOWING THE COLUMBUS COLUMN



SEEN ON THE BATTLESHIP "TEXAS," NOW UNDER REPAIRS AT BROOKLYN NAVY YARD

(Pictures from Photographs taken on the Vessel)

1. Twelve-Inch Shells.
2. Spanish Mine picked up by the Propeller of the "Texas."
3. Hole made by a Six-Inch Shell that struck on the Port Side forward.
4. Searchlight transferred from the "Vizcaya" to the "Texas."
5. "The Men behind the Guns."



MARMADUKE.— "BUT BELIEVE ME I'D GO TO ANY DANCE TO MEET YOU"
 MOYA.— "SO IT SEEMS. (Aside.) HE REALLY IS TOO OBVIOUS ABOUT IT"

THE MARTYRDOM OF MARMADUKE

A DUOLOGUE FOR IMPROMPTU PERFORMANCE

BY EDWARD HERON ALLEN

PERSONS:

THE HON. MARMADUKE MAINWARING . . . 30
 MISS MOYA FETHRESTONE . . . 24

THE SCENE is supposed to represent a small room set apart in a house where a ball is in progress for the convenience of people sitting out between dances—or otherwise.

(Enter the HON. MARMADUKE MAINWARING. He drops wearily into a chair.)

MARMADUKE.—Thank the Lord that's over. I've returned her to her chaperon in good condition, reasonable wear and tear and damage by dancing and the Act of God or the Queen's enemies only excepted. I suppose I ought to have brought her here and made conversation for her until the next dance begins—but I simply couldn't do it. I've told her all that she wants to know about me; it was not much (marks off on his fingers). I haven't been to the Lyceum; I am not going out much this season. I'm not going to Hurlingham on Sunday; I don't bicycle; and I do in proper season all the pleasant things that modern society has robbed of their terminal g's—huntin', shootin', fishin', skatin', golfin', ridin'—Bah! what a woman! Just fancy living with it all one's life! It would be different if my good mother had made me the first-born instead of Silchester—not that I envy him, poor old chap, though he has the title and the rents, and can buy a woman and shut her up in a separate part of the house and meet her at dinner—in his own house sometimes, oftener in other people's. I should have to live with my wife in that sensitive contiguity to the Edgware Road that calls itself Hyde Park—unless I marry money—or unless money marries me. Which reminds me that I am forgetting—I keep on forgetting, thank Heaven—what I am here for. I have been led here to martyrdom—as a lamb to the slaughter—to meet my fate. My fate is a South African heiress—eight thousand a year and a house in Grosvenor Square—and her name is Moya Fethrestone—nice name; Irish but nice, the only thing nice about her, I dare swear. She's here somewhere, and I'm to be introduced to her to-night—sooner or later—I'm making it as "later"

as I can. I know my good mamma has been trying to catch me all the evening for the purpose, but I have so far managed to deploy with great strategic skill and don't propose to meet my fate till after supper—by that time she'll have elected her man for the evening, and will be quite as anxious to avoid me as I am to avoid her—and then I can devote myself to my own little friend—nice little person—don't know her name—(consults his programme). Blue—pink bows—(or as the case may be). The next dance is ours—number nine—our third. I feel rather a fraud, but it's my last fling probably, and—well—she is a nice little girl. (Reads programme.) Blue, pink bows. I wonder what her name is. Hullo! there's the music—I'll go and find her. Why, there she is with Silchester—poor little girl, he dances like a galvanized jackass. (He goes to the door—speaks off.) I believe I have the honor of this dance.

A VOICE.—Is this ours?

MARMADUKE (off).—Yes. Shall we sit it out?

THE VOICE.—If you like.

(Re-enters with MOYA FETHRESTONE.)

MOYA.—I am a little tired. (They sit down.)

MARMADUKE.—I don't wonder—you've been dancing with poor old Silchester.

MOYA.—Lord Silchester is your brother, is he not, Mr. Mainwaring?

MARMADUKE.—Yes; but that doesn't prevent his dancing badly—it runs in the family.
 MOYA.—You dance all right if you choose, but the fact is you're lazy.

MARMADUKE.—Not lazy—say selfish. I like to talk to you—I think we are rather kindred spirits—and there are such loads of girls here who can merely dance; you see the trouble is that the people who can dance can't talk, and the people who can't talk can't—(pulls himself up) that is—er—of course—(business).

MOYA.—Oh! I quite understand—thank you.

MARMADUKE.—Oh, hang it! you know I don't mean that.

(*Aside.*) This is a most embarrassing girl. (*Aloud.*) Let me get you a bun—I mean an ice.

MOYA.—Well—thanks.

MARMADUKE (*rising*).—What kind? Anything so long as it's pink, I suppose.

MOYA.—Why do you "suppose"?

MARMADUKE.—Ladies never take any but the pink ices; they'll eat lemon-water, ugh! (*shudders*) if it's only colored pink.

MOYA.—I believe you're right. Very well, a pink ice.

(*He goes out.*)

MOYA (*reading her programme*).—Mainwaring. Quite plain. I suppose he took the trouble to write plainly so as to impress it on me. He's rather nice—only I wish he wouldn't make the running quite so strong. If I were a man brought to a dance to meet a girl he is intended to marry for her money my impulse would be to avoid her, I think—I should hate it. It seems rather mean-spirited—but this man simply plunges in head over ears. He's got to do it, so I suppose he thinks he may as well do it thoroughly. He certainly does do it very well, and he certainly *is* rather nice, but he does go about the whole thing in a way that takes it all too much for granted. I think if we hadn't been thrown at one another's heads in such an indecent manner we might have got on very well together—the fact is we *have* got on very well together—rather too well—I shall have to snub him like the others, I suppose. "Poor old Silchester," as he calls him, has been puffing him in a way that is positively indelicate. Oh dear! oh dear! how I wish I were the youngest of thirteen up from Tooting for my first ball instead of—Heigho! how I hate it all!

(*Re-enter MARMADUKE.*)

MARMADUKE.—Here you are—it *is* pink—suspiciously pink—there's a leaning toward violet—but it's the best I could do.

MOYA.—Then I'm sure it will be delightful, even if it is not a very lasting pleasure.

MARMADUKE.—Do you mean that you will "absorb" it—or that it will melt.

MOYA.—Whichever you like—no—it will melt—the salt has got into it. (*Puts it down.*)

MARMADUKE.—I am so sorry. I couldn't tell that, could I? But it *is* pink, isn't it?

MOYA.—With a leaning toward violet.

MARMADUKE.—Let me get you something else.

MOYA.—Oh! no, thanks; I think if one goes on long enough one tastes the salt sooner or later in everything that looks nice.

MARMADUKE.—I should have thought you were the last person in the world who ought to say that.

MOYA.—I don't know—perhaps I *try* to taste the salt; it doesn't generally take long to find.

MARMADUKE.—One should take whatever sweets one can out of life and ignore the salt. (*Aside.*) That's what I'm doing now. (*Aloud.*) If you could place yourself in my position now—a younger son without a sixpence—

MOYA (*aside*).—There it is! Oh! that beastly money.

MARMADUKE.—I am one of the people, you know, whose duty to his family it is to swallow the salt and pretend to like it.

MOYA (*aside*).—Well, upon my word! Salt indeed!

MARMADUKE.—But don't let us talk about me; let us talk about you. I can't think how it is we haven't met before; I wish to goodness we had—but I don't go to dances if I can help it.

MOYA.—Ah! Lord Silchester does the dancing for the family.

MARMADUKE.—God forbid!

MOYA.—Then he does the piping—and you dance.

MARMADUKE (*aside*).—What on earth does she mean? (*Aloud.*) Have it how you like. But believe me I'd go to any dance to meet you.

MOYA.—So it seems. (*Aside.*) He really is *too* obvious about it.

MARMADUKE.—I'm glad you believe that. It seems likely that I shall have to do a good deal of pretending in the future, but I should like to be able to think in years to come that you believed in me to-night.

MOYA (*aside*).—Well, of all the frank cynicism I ever heard! (*Aloud.*) But why pretend at all, then or now? Why not be perfectly honest with me?

MARMADUKE.—Well, I should like to, but circumstanced as I am it is hardly possible. (*Aside.*) Marmaduke, my boy, you're losing your head. (*Aloud.*) You cannot understand—

MOYA.—On the contrary, I should think I am about the only woman in this crowd who can, and does, understand—perfectly. Come, I rather like the greater part of your character; so be honest.

MARMADUKE (*aside*).—St. Anthony hadn't anything like this to stand against! (*Aloud.*) You give me leave. I will. I fell in love with you the first moment I saw you, and I love you even now as I know I shall never love any woman again. (*MOYA has risen and stands angry and contemptuous.*) I know it's amazing and presumptuous in me to talk like this to you—when I've only known you a couple of hours or so; but to-night—coming here, meeting you—it is all part of a scheme arranged by Fate, and, believe me, I am inclined not to have it otherwise. I know my disadvantage too well; I am a penniless younger son, and I have nothing to give you in exchange for

the wealth of all you bear so graciously. I would not dare to speak to you like this, but I came to-night to meet my Fate—and I have met it. What will you say to me—

(*He tries to take her hand; she snatches it away and turns on him furiously.*)

MOYA.—What will I say to you? What any woman with a grain of self-respect would say, I hope—that—I will not say the love—but that which you offer me is a deliberate insult. Oh! Mr. Mainwaring, I am sorry, for I thought that in some respects, at least, you were different to the other men I have met in this—this disgusting world. You dare to talk to me about Fate! I wonder you are not honest enough to give Fortune the credit for this—this masquerade. You adopt your Fate, as you call it, a little too readily; it's—it's indelicate of you and—horrid.

MARMADUKE.—Is this really your only answer?

MOYA.—Yes. What do you suppose a woman thinks of a man who deliberately brings himself out for sale—so much down and the rest in bills? Your bills! (*Laughs.*)

MARMADUKE (*aside*).—Great heavens! does all the world know about that cursed heiress? (*Aloud.*) My dear lady, I see you know a great deal more about me than I know about you, and, knowing what you do, I do not wonder that you should despise me. But before we dismiss the subject forever, let me pledge you my word of honor that from the moment I saw you I forgot the heiress and thought only of your own sweet self. Let us at any rate be friends. I have hitherto skillfully avoided being introduced to this Miss Fethrestone, and now you may be sure I shall avoid the introduction more carefully still.

MOYA (*astonished*).—What on earth do you mean? Have you gone suddenly mad?

MARMADUKE.—No, not mad. I have, on the contrary, come suddenly to my senses. You are more than right: a man who for mere family consideration surrenders his own personality and will, to contract an alliance with a woman whose only attraction is a certain income, is a despicable object.

MOYA.—Her only attraction!

MARMADUKE.—No doubt; no one has described her to me—they didn't dare. They jangled the money-bags before her face to hide it.

MOYA.—But why hide it?

MARMADUKE.—Because if she had been in any way attractive they would have made a point of that also. I hope I shall never see her; she probably squints, limps, and babbles.

MOYA.—Oh no! I assure you.

MARMADUKE (*astonished*).—Why, do you know her? I hope she isn't a friend of yours.

MOYA.—Well, I know her slightly; but, as for being a friend of mine, I have often been told that she is my worst enemy.

MARMADUKE.—I can quite believe it. But I confess I am not superior to a certain mild curiosity. What is she like?

MOYA.—Well, she neither squints, nor limps, nor, I think, babbles; she is— (*Describes herself.* MARMADUKE, at first incredulous, begins to have an uneasy suspicion.)

MARMADUKE.—Tell me—how is she dressed? I will look for her, and in the crowd, before I go. And then I will say "good-night," I hope not "good-by," Miss— (*Stops.*)

MOYA.—Well?

MARMADUKE.—Well! now you've cornered me. Do you know I didn't catch your name when I was presented to you, and somehow I didn't want to ask any one else who you were—people are so stupid—and—

MOYA.—Let me see your programme. (*He gives it to her.*) She is in blue with pink bows (*or as the case may be*). (*She returns the programme.*)

MARMADUKE (*uncomfortably*).—Go on.

(*MOYA goes on describing her dress till there can be no doubt left in MARMADUKE'S mind. He realizes the situation.*)

MARMADUKE.—I don't know how I can ask you to forgive me, Miss—

MOYA.—Fethrestone.

MARMADUKE.—O Lord! (*They look at one another for a moment, he aghast, she amused, then they both laugh.*)

MOYA.—Do you know, Mr. Mainwaring, I'm afraid I've been rather horrid and hard on you. I am sorry—I thought you knew.

MARMADUKE.—You thought I *knew*!

MOYA.—Yes; I thought you were accepting your Fate.

MARMADUKE.—On the contrary; I was asking my Fate to accept me. Let us pretend the last half of this conversation hasn't really taken place—and let me ask again.

MOYA.—Oh! you are going much too fast—you are taking too much for granted. Remember, you came here merely to be introduced to me—that's all.

MARMADUKE.—And my mission has fulfilled itself. Let me, in the light of my newer and truer knowledge, present myself, Marmaduke Mainwaring, to Miss Moya Fethrestone.

MOYA (*holding out her hand*).—And in the light of my newer and truer knowledge—I am charmed to have met you, Mr. Mainwaring.

MARMADUKE. (*He takes her hand and draws it into his arm.*)—The dance is over, let us address ourselves to more serious things. May I take you in to supper?

MOYA.—With pleasure.

(*They go out.*)

THE LATEST FROM MANILA

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

SAN FRANCISCO, July 26.

I HAVE three letters from the Bay of Manila, dated June 19 and 20; they were brought to this port by the "Aztec," which left the Philippines on June 21.

A fleet of foreign warships lie in front of the city, and seven miles further down the bay the "Olympia," "Baltimore," "Concord," "Boston," "Raleigh," "Petrel" and "McCulloch" were anchored in the waters where the battle of May 1 was fought. Reconnoissances made by the "Petrel" and "Boston" proved that the few surviving Spanish vessels are up the Pasig, out of sight from the bay; the mouth of the river appeared to be closed by craft sunk in the channel. At any moment, Dewey could sail up to the city front and destroy Manila, but in a military point of view nothing could be gained by such a demonstration. When the place is attacked by the land troops, the fleet was expected to participate.

The Americans are watching the proceedings of Aguinaldo's insurgents with much interest. His proclamation of the independent republic of the Philippines, with himself as President, created amusement, but he is evidently very much in earnest. His headquarters at Cavite are a scene of bustling activity. It is hardly likely that he has fifty thousand men, as the popular stories allege. But he has a large army of resolute men, with ten thousand rifles, an abundant supply of machetes and eight field pieces. He has also a large body of prisoners, some say four thousand, and among them are two provincial governors, two brigadier-generals, nine colonels and twenty-nine regimental officers. The ex-governor of Cavite, Don Leopoldo Garcia Pena, is among them. He is a man of high distinction, who was at one time proposed as a successor to Weyler. The ex-governor of Batavia, who is also a prisoner, is Antonio Cordoba, who bears a high reputation and had a promising future; he tried to commit suicide when he was taken prisoner. All these captives are well treated by their captors. A conversation between Aguinaldo and an officer who was detailed to express Admiral Dewey's views on the subject of prisoners is said to have imbued the Philippine insurgents with civilized sentiments on the modern practice of warfare.

Aguinaldo has pushed his lines to within a few miles of the walls of Manila and his large force enables him to keep up an incessant fire on the place. The garrison is thus constantly in the trenches and the soldiers must be exhausted, especially as their rations are poor and scanty. It is said on shipboard that when a sufficient force of Americans arrives to close up the gaps in Aguinaldo's lines a general assault will follow, when the city can hardly help capitulating; but the best-informed officers question whether anything will be done before the arrival of General Merritt.

The best feeling prevails between the admiral and the foreign naval officers, and if the ships were within visiting distance the same cordial understanding would extend to the junior officers. With the English we are on the best possible terms, and Dewey handled the Germans with such perfect tact that they are a little ashamed of the "Irene's" demonstration. An impression is gaining ground that the United States is not engaged in a war of conquest, and that when peace is restored President McKinley will be satisfied with insisting that the Spaniards shall withdraw from the colony, leaving the natives to work out their own salvation. This opinion is partly based on observation of the capacity of the Philippine Islanders for self-government. They are undoubtedly the brightest members of the Malay race, and there is no reason why they should not conduct an orderly government, if foreign bullying and robbery were to cease and they were free to manage their own concerns. At Hong Kong, the English say that Americans will be fools if they let the Philippines go, having once held them in their grasp. But my correspondents observe that, among their own countrymen, there is a difference of opinion on that point.

JOHN BONNER.

IN THE CAMP OF THE FORTY THIEVES

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

CAVALRY CAMP, CANEY, SANTIAGO DE CUBA, July 21, 1898.

TO "RUSTLE" is the Western term for plain Eastern "stealing," as all will recall who remember the famous feud between the "rustlers and hustlers" a few years ago. And the Rough Riders' "rustling" is not only an amiable habit indulged in by all, but a military duty expected of every able-bodied member of the regiment.

To say of a Rough Rider that he is a good "rustler" is equivalent to saying that he is a cavalier *sans peur et sans reproche*. Yet in this art, as in others, there are ethical distinctions as there are degrees of proficiency. To rob a Spaniard is considered a noble feat of arms. Thus the man who lassoed a Spanish flag, one night while the truce was on, was voted a popular hero. To confiscate the machetes and horses of the Cubans, our allies, is encouraged as praiseworthy, nor

may the victims hope for redress from any official source. To take the blankets, canteens or food of other regiments, particularly if they be militiamen, is condoned; and, if they object, the whole regiment, if necessary, will turn out to repudiate their claims. To steal from another troop of the same command is held to be a hard necessity, though it leads to friction among the commissioned officers, who always stand by their men. To "rustle" within the precincts of one's own troop is considered reprehensible, and is apt to cause trouble in the way of reprisal, out of all proportion to the original theft. To steal from one's own "bunk," it is generally agreed, is a low-down trick. Worse than that, the "rustler" is almost sure to be found out, to the disparagement of his "rustling" faculties.

When I joined the Rough Riders in the field I had nothing but my oldest suit of clothes and a good six-shooter.

"Haven't you anything of your own?" asked Colonel Roosevelt, after a pitying glance at my bicycle slippers and straw hat.

"I have some extra eyeglasses, sir," I said. "Well, you'll have to 'rustle' for a uniform and equipments," remarked the colonel, "but you'd better be careful how you do it."

At the next inspection I was arraigned in a First Regular Cavalry hat, a shirt from the New York Seventy-first, Spanish trousers, a navy revolver, in a German cavalry holster from the Prussian military attache, a Cuban machete, a Red Cross blanket and a mule-driver's poncho.

"Where did you get the clothes?" asked Colonel Roosevelt, adding quickly, "I won't ask. As long as you have a uniform you'll do."

With this encouragement from a high quarter I was duly started on my military career, and it was not my fault if I lacked for aught henceforward. Yet I learned that the thing could be overdone. That same night there was a terrific row because some Napoleonic genius succeeded in filching the only package of sugar in the outfit, just after the captain's orderly had formally donated it to the troop. Every man's hand was lifted against the other, and the quarrels and recriminations became so fierce that several of the former cattlemen fondled their six-shooters dangling at their hips.

Next day I was ordered to report at division headquarters across the hill. While I was standing at attention I heard the following dialogue between General Wheeler and his adjutant.

"I have found your saddle-horse, sir."

"Where was it?"

"In the Rough Riders' camp."

"Well, I'll be damned! How did it get there?"

"They stole it, sir."

"Where is it now?"

"It is still over there. They claim it is their own and refuse to give it up. They say they found it grazing in their trenches, four days ago."

The old general arose in his wrath, exclaiming: "Is there anything those devils won't steal? Report the facts to Colonel Roosevelt with my compliments, and tell him that I must insist on having my horse returned to me."

The adjutant departed, and General Wheeler turned to me. As he recognized the cross sabers and number one on my army hat his face clouded and he said:

"So you are one of the Rough Riders. Well, you may be good fighters—in fact you have shown yourselves to be good fighters—but for downright thievery you are the worst I ever have known. Why, your camp is known all over the army as the den of thieves. It is a wonder to me how some of you ever managed to get out here unchanged."

"We have the sheriff of Cripple Creek to keep us straight, sir," said I, saluting, and was promptly sent away on detail.

When I got back to our camp I found the general's horse still grazing at its place, while the general's adjutant was making excited expostulations in front of Colonel Roosevelt's tent.

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

THE IMMUNES FOR SANTIAGO

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

NEW ORLEANS, July 28.

SEVERAL immune regiments have been ordered to garrison Santiago, so the yellow fever epidemic of last summer served the South a good turn after all. It is strange, however, that several States which never suffered from yellow fever have furnished half a dozen immune regiments.

"Well, it is this way," said one of Colonel Hood's men: "you know this government has unlimited resources, so had the President asked for bullet-proof men that call would have been answered, too."

Still, had most of these immunes believed that their only duty would be the garrisoning of the captured towns, the regiments would not have been filled so rapidly, for all the men, especially the Texans, are "out to fight." Those who are here wish to keep their own "tough" reputation and earn another equal to that of Roosevelt's regiment.

Hood's men and a regiment from Texas were ordered to Santiago not long ago. The New Orleans men had been camping at Abita Springs, a town about seventy miles from this city. They reached here first, and immediately went aboard

the "Berlin"—Transport No. 31. They occupied the whole ship. When the Texans arrived the earlier occupants of the vessel managed to "close in" a little, and left about a twenty-five foot space aft. Now, the Texas officers are "tender-foots," but the men are "border rovers." The first day all was quiet. The paymaster appeared next morning. One or two Texans reasoned that there would be no place in Santiago to spend their money; (at that time they had not seen New Orleans). Hood's men wanted to bid their folks good-by—after they were paid, of course; they did not think of it before. They were not allowed to leave, for the ship was to sail that day. A few slipped toward the lines. The guards caught them. The number increased. Each guard held one, but another passed through. Then a few more left, and still a few more. The officers were powerless. So were the police. Some of the guards left, too. The colored lieutenants of the "Black Hussars" camped at the Fair Grounds, after several unpleasant experiences, decided not to enforce salute-regulations and, as much as possible, "to keep out of the way of those Texas hoboes."

Later, to retain the men who were left aboard, the ship was anchored in midstream. All that night, all the next day, and also the next, the police vans patrolled the streets and returned twice an hour with troops loaded to the steps. The officers and some "non-coms" waited at the jails to escort the men to the ship, but the patrols could not furnish transportation for all, so some whose money was spent went down and surrendered themselves. The guard-house aboard ship was not large enough for all; it was suggested by a bystander that those still free be put in the guard-house, so as to make room above for the prisoners.

When all were aboard and about to sail, the Texans began to encroach on the territory of the sunburned men from Abita, who claimed priority of settlement. The officers concluded that the ship was too small for both regiments; New Orleans would have been too small had both been ashore together. The ship landed again, and the Texans left amid shouts of "Come over here and you will lose your scalp." "It is a good thing you did leave," and other cheering words. Then they went into camp at the Fair Grounds, and dire predictions are being made regarding the colored troops, who hope that a transport for the Texans will speedily arrive.

Hood's men tamed down after getting the ship to themselves. To-night they are saying farewells. A negro band showed up toward dusk and began "Dixie." Oh, the yells! The "Berlin's" steam whistle had to retire. Then, of course, "Columbia" and "The Star-Spangled Banner" followed; and by request of those who had the strongest lungs (for everybody wanted his favorite tune played), "Home, Sweet Home," "I Had a Good Home and I Left It," "The Girl I Left Behind" and "Shanrock," the selection of an Irish immune who had "had the fever in the old country."

Music over, there were several speeches—brief but to the point. "No more ice cream and chicken on Sunday," "Salt horse, breakfast, dinner and supper," "Why did I ever leave home?" "Oh! New Orleans isn't so warm. There is Santiago—as warm as this." At an early hour—in the morning—the crowd dispersed and the men went to their hammocks. They sail at daybreak.

Most of Hood's men have had "Yellow Jack," but there is no certain immunity from the disease. Nearly all have lived through epidemics, and, having lived here, a climate so similar to that of Cuba, are, of course, far better qualified for garrison duty than troops from other sections. After all, "courage is half of the battle," and the men who leave on the "Berlin" have it to the bone. One needs, too, a different courage to face disease from that required in battle; when there is nothing inspiring to buoy one up, no excitement, there is so much the more opportunity to think of danger.

FRED. MOORE.

THE WOMEN OF GOLDONI

AT THE suggestion of Signora Duse's honest and wily Mirandolina, known now throughout the world, it is worth while to turn over once more the half-forgotten pages of Carlo Goldoni's comedies. They are to be had in the rather prettily named "Liberia Classica Economica," for those who want no more than a temporary possession. You may chance to read the classic volumes speedily to pieces, but the economy is indisputable. For those readers who find the frequent *patois*—Venetian, Veronese, Palermitan—too difficult, Miss Zimmern has translated a certain number of the plays into English of equivalent simplicity and ease. Goldoni, however, is not entirely translatable, for he is full of the "little language" of the house, the shop and the piazza; this, by the way, is not a little language of tenderness, but a code of signals of tolerant contempt, familiar suspicion and perfectly candid self-approval. Its wilder words are all the words of the roaring anger of the wives and sisters of citizens.

The time was when not Venice only, but all Europe, was dismayed by the outcries of women. There is plenty of evidence of the general consternation. The farce of the taming of Shake-

speare's Katharine had a borrowed motive indeed, but it would not have been imported to entertain an audience for whom it had no allusions; who did not find in it the joyous irony of revenge and retribution; for whom the "shrew" was merely surprising as a person and not recognizable as a type. No, Katharine was no single, unforeseen freak of a farce-writer, created to appear and disappear. If she had been this, the chief subject of the play would not have been her taming; her defeat might have closed the play, but would certainly not have been the purpose of its very beginning. The chief subject of the play would have been her existence. As it is, we have, foremost and at the head of things, her destruction. She herself is almost taken for granted—she was an old friend. And the speech of the time refers to her kind currently, with the allusiveness of habit. To speak of her now we must pick up words long since cast off and shed by our deciduous English language.

The time was, then, when women were liable to the ready and, as it were, the handy reproach that they had the spirit of the fury. Other handy reproaches we all know of as in use in later times: there is waning age, for example, there is lack of beauty, there is—in lighter vein—jealousy, and there is the joyous joke of their reluctant celibacy; there is always vanity, or some other fact of very nature. But three hundred years ago, and for some time onward, there were the outbreaks of irresponsible ill-temper. Man, master of himself, rallied or rebuked the woman therefore; but he also awarded to her offense the toleration which is implied in chastisement. For, after all, when you punish a thing you do endure, condone and admit it. Man accepted the woman's violence, confessed it, and—in the words of the mothers of our populous streets—"let her know."

He let her know, and no doubt there was temporary peace. Katharine in time might, it is true, rise again, doubly fired by the memory of the unjustifiable processes of her capture and conquest; but of that chance too, man, armed with a whip, was indulgently aware. He was not exacting. He did not ask improbabilities—habitual self-control, for example—except, perhaps, from heroines of legitimate tragedy. Elizabethan woman, and woman of the century succeeding, had her "temperament"—had it out, comparatively unmolested. For what is the molestation inflicted by any physical measures of punishment or repression compared with that of a burdening attribution of responsibility? Nothing! What is a box on the ears compared with such a wound to living and tender vanity as is caused by the sense that public and private opinion holds you cheap for your ill-temper? Opinion in those violent times was singularly good-natured.

Where the shrew was then, and where Mrs. Pepys was later, when she beat Mercer, there the Italian woman was in the middle of the last century, when Carlo Goldoni was writing. As in Elizabeth's time with us, there was in Italy—and, in fact, there is now—no difference of ejaculation and exclamation between the sexes. Anne Brontë has a most memorable sentence in her gentle, serious and jog-trot novel of governess-life; it is this, "No, no, damn it," said Miss Matilda. No one can possibly read it without a spasm of laughter. But the antithesis between Miss Matilda's name and her language is purely modern. A peculiar vigor, in our ears, belongs to the angry speech of Elizabeth by reason of its being the strongest language within the reach of anybody—man or woman. But the equality in this matter was then taken for granted. So the vixens of Goldoni, if they do not precisely swear, swear at any rate as much as the men—they swear, that is, by Diana when their husbands are swearing by Bacchus; and their terms of contempt are somewhat rank, like the men's. There is no inequality.

And the tolerance on the part of the Venetian and Veronese husbands is much like that of the former Englishman—precisely like that of Pepys, for example, when his wife slapped Mercer. They have even more than the tolerance that chastises—they have the tolerance that neither condemns nor chastises. They, too, do not attribute responsibility, but neither do they avenge—they spare. They, and all the alarmed household together, seem to expect the storms, and the storms come. The only doubt is whether she—the bride or the mother-in-law, as the case may be—will be merely *arrabbiata*, or whether she will be angry in the higher degree; in the latter case she goes into *tutte le furie*. The family stands and sees her go.

There is an abundant choice of words to describe this frequent state: *collera* is a kind of daily anger; and *gridare*, to scold, is familiar to Goldoni's page. The Marchesa Beatrice is *insatanassata*, and the English reader, even if ignorant of Italian, can easily find the root of the word by looking for it. She makes a noise in her room for the whole of a livelong night because of a slight passage of words between her and her friend at parting.

Nothing is more curious than the attitude of the master of the house. It would be too much happiness if he could defer—he knows he shall not prevent—but if he could avert—the furies. If he is a brother of the *insatanassata*, he may perhaps show some slight indifference, but not if he is a husband. In that most brisk of satiric comedies, "Le Smanie per la Villeggiatura," Vittoria threatens to throw everything out of the windows, to tear her new frock into a thou-

sand rags, and to beat her head against the wall; but her brother Leonardo has troubles of the heart, and pays little heed. Vittoria and her frock hurl themselves alone and unresisted through every act.

But when it is a wife who is *sulle furie*, there is some husband to follow with conciliations. She calls him *animalaccio* and *pezzo d'asino*. Then he goes to represent her in the best and most favorable light to his hostile mother; he is very anxious lest that day's comfort should be shattered, but with the chronic fact of female fury he is himself at chronic peace. He is domestic to a degree impossible to the Englishman of any period. The Italian of Goldoni's time did nothing of any kind; out of doors he gossiped and indoors he endured, busy and dutiful. Married Venetians of another kind there are in the plays, but the greater number, having married Katharine, have no wish to tame her.

All these slappings, scoldings and screams—all this individuality and temperament—occur on occasions that are by no means sentimental, still less romantic. Rivalry, in the stuff of her dress and the size of her hoop, with the bride on the upper floor; the unwise expenditure of the *dote* which she brought into the family, and with a recital of the amount whereof she pursues her father-in-law into corners; the sole possession of the maid and the right of commanding the other servants; the position in the house generally—these are the opportunities of her turbulence. There is throughout but little of what English readers would call love-interest in Goldoni's comedies. Housekeeping, in several varieties, is their center. They turn upon prudence and imprudence, upon marriage-portion, upon the flatteries of visitors, who drink the perpetual chocolate and foment the wife's sense of grievance, and upon the contemptuous humor of servants who have an infinite number of little words of pity for their master.

The furies have long since fled from among ourselves. Yet even in Horace Walpole you are aware of their passage. He refers, he alludes; it is morning, maybe; but "there was a roaring in the wind all night."

ALICE MEYNELL.

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER

Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!

IT IS so easy to preach and so hard to practice the doctrine of fair play that words seem empty of real meaning when used to tell a group of cheering partisans of the victors that a fair measure of honor should go to the conquered as well. The American people worship success and reward it with an extravagance beyond that exhibited by other nations. That worship extends to sport, and it is reflected in every contest in which Americans are engaged. It carries with it the best spur to sustained effort because defeat is so despised. There are plenty to praise the winners, but not many who stop to think of the losers, no matter how sincere their effort or how high the quality of their work. They ought to win to deserve even a kind word.

Such a system renders competition so keen that it cuts too deeply into the heart and leads sometimes to unfair tactics. This column will never preach the doctrine of "not caring which wins," for such a belief can never find lodgment in the breasts of our earnest boys and men; and, if it did, then farewell to the best part of our indomitable spirit—our good Yankee pluck! But we are a generous people in almost every line, and the love of fair play is in us, so that sooner or later the natural development will be toward a greater respect for the quality of the work performed and less extravagant overvaluation of victory. Unless such a condition of equilibrium can be expected it must be admitted that the opponents of athletic sports would have a triumph in the end. But the history of sport gives us a fair reason for placing confidence in the final education of public and contestants to a love of the performance itself, even at a small sacrifice of partisanship.

Not many years ago it was a fact that no contest between college organizations attracted any save the violent partisans of the two immediately interested. Proof of this was very simple. Proof that we are hardly yet emerging from that condition is not far to seek. Let a Yale-Harvard baseball game be played in New York, and how many Princeton graduates care enough for the actual sport to go out and see it? Suppose a Yale-Princeton game, under similar conditions, and not though it promised to show the best ball playing of the college year or any college year would one find a baker's dozen of Harvard men there. So it is really not the quality of the sport we care for, but the partisanship. And that is not as it should be. We admit it, and we are not as bad as we were some years ago, but it will be a long time yet before we really appreciate good sport because it is good sport and not because we are especially interested in the colors of the contestants.

And in this connection, illustrating how unusual it is for a man not led by partisanship to take a serious interest in any of our amateur sports demanding team work, I purpose telling next week, or in an early issue, the story of a man

who changed the map of college football, and who started in upon his work wholly free from partisanship and solely because the sport itself fascinated him.

From the time when the American boy puts on long trousers and is man enough to take care of his little sister until he is captain of a losing crew or team he does not shed tears—at least, where other fellows can see him. But for the first time since boyhood's days the great big sob comes swelling up from his manly breast and chokes in his throat when the men who stood by him through the struggle, that grew gradually hopeless, slowly and sadly trail after him into the quarters or the dressing-room and he realizes that it is all over and that the contest is irrevocably lost.

And there is no disgrace in those tears trickling down his tanned cheek. I am not sure that he does not become a better man for having so set his heart upon winning that defeat for the moment looks to him like the end of the world. Good men before him have gone through it all, and out of the very dregs of defeat have drunk strength to fight it all over again with a better energy than ever and from it to become better men in later years. It is only the coward who with excuses pushes the cup from him or turns to excesses to save himself from tasting the very lees of it. And so long as our boy doesn't show that trait, even though one could wish the strain not so exaggerated, there is no serious harm likely to come from it all. There is nothing that better describes the stuff that is in our boys and men than the American word "sand"; and that sand goes with this intensity of feeling.

The foreign officers who came over to see our raw recruits going through the early stages of playing soldiers at Tampa were not ready to believe that such material, under so little time of training, could fight when the real thing came. But when they saw them before Santiago what did they write home? And many of those men who made the foreign officers wonder were fresh from our athletic fields and all of them were the result of the workings of that American product, "sand."

We are going to outgrow some of our extremes of feeling in sport, but let us hope we shall never outgrow the determination to win, to make the most of every possible opportunity, to strive until the very end, never giving up, never despairing, but looking to the goal. But when it is over, just a little more praise for the performance itself, a little more love of the play, a little less flaunting of the victory in the face of the defeated will make us all better in the end.

Two weeks ago there was incorporated at Albany The Intercollegiate Rowing Association. How history repeats itself! The first Intercollegiate Regatta was instituted forty-six years ago. But then the plan did not originate solely in the mind of the collegian. On a delightful June day of that year Rev. James M. Whiton, then a Yale junior, with James N. Elkins, then superintendent of the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad, was riding along the shore of Lake Winnepesaukee, near Weirs landing, and, something being said about what a beautiful sheet of water it was for boating, Mr. Elkins suggested that it would be a good thing if the students could try their boats on the lake. He was an enterprising manager, and, pressing the idea with vigor, made the proposition that if the crews could come there the B. C. & M. R. R. would pay all the bills.

The matter took on form, and the race was rowed there. In one of the boats, the "Undine," George W. Smalley was the stroke oar. The B. C. & M. R. R. abundantly fulfilled their promises. As one writer who was actually present describes it, "entertaining the students for a week at the best hotels in the region;" and as another, an "Undine" man, said, his confidence in the railroad had been such that he had started for the regatta with but ten cents in his pocket and so well had he been treated by them that he was "not broke yet!" The road entertained not the crews only, but all other students.

Another rather haphazard regatta occurred in 1855, and then the "Harvard Magazine" took up the cause of an annual intercollegiate regatta. The affair came to a head in a convention at which Harvard, Brown, Trinity and Yale were represented, and the vote finally passed contained this clause: "That the regatta be held this year at Springfield, provided sufficient pecuniary inducements be offered by the citizens thereof."

The intercollegiate lasted until 1864, when Yale and Harvard met and agreed to row a separate race and passed a resolution that "no other colleges should be invited." This lasted for seven years. Then Harvard and Yale fell out about the course and Harvard proceeded to establish the "Rowing Association of American Colleges." There was plenty of bad feeling, and, when it was found that Yale would not join, Amherst and Bowdoin withdrew, and later Williams and the Troy Polytechnic. This left Harvard and Brown, and, though not much thought of, the Massachusetts Agricultural College, coached by "Josh" Ward. Every one supposed the race would lie between Harvard and Brown, but Ward's crew gained the lead before a half-mile was covered and increased their lead steadily to the end, defeating Harvard thirty-seven seconds and Brown sixty-one seconds in the three-mile race! Indeed, history does repeat itself!

WALTER CAMP.



MAJOR SHIBA, JAPAN'S MILITARY REPRESENTATIVE WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY

FALSE PEACE AND TRUE

THERE is a peace wherein man's mood is tame:
Like clouds upon a windless summer day
The hours float by; the people take no shame
In alien mocks; like children are they gay.
Such peace is craven-bought, the cost is great;
Not so is nourished a puissant state.

There is a peace amidst the shock of arms
That satisfies the soul, though all the air
Hurtles with horror and is rude with harms;
Life's gray gleams into golden deeds, and
where,
The while swords slept, unrighteousness was
done,
Wrong takes her death-blow, and from sun to
sun
That clarion cry *My Country!* makes men one.
RICHARD BURTON.

RETURNING FROM THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN

AFTER the surrender of Santiago, when General Shafter issued his somewhat unpopular order that any one attempting to enter the city would be shot, there was a unanimous movement toward Siboney of all who were free to leave Cuba. Correspondents, artists, foreign attaches and army officers, filled with disgust at having the supreme satisfaction of entering Santiago snatched away from them at the eleventh hour, went on board the "Aransas" bound for Tampa, and it was with a sense of luxury that the first breath of clean sea air was inhaled and repulsive Siboney left behind.

Luck favored the "Aransas," for she was ordered to discharge her cargo at Santiago before proceeding to Tampa. So we had the pleasure of being the second transport to steam in under picturesque old Morro, rising in a majestic pile out of the sea to the right of the harbor entrance. Many crumbled stones marked where the American shells had taken effect; but it was with a feeling of regret that one saw this impotent grand old relic of the romantic past so roughly used. It had done no harm, so it was surely nothing short of sacrilege to disturb its peaceful slumber.

The wreck of the "Reina Mercedes" lay pathetically on the beach just below the fortress, where she had tried to re-enter in her hopeless flight from the American fleet.

The top of a smokestack riddled with shot and two topmasts rising out of the water were all that was visible of the means of Hobson's daring deed. The "Merrimac" is surely sunk, and it takes nothing from the admiration due to bravery when we realize that she was sunk where she did absolutely nothing to block our easy entrance through the charming turns among the green hills which embrace the harbor. Little fishermen's huts nestle upon the smiling shore, and one cannot help thinking of the peaceful drawing of the nets in the little coves under the hills, while the guns of the fleet and fort were roaring at one another just around the turn of the hill. Cayo Smith is

a cluster of picturesque red-tiled houses at the base of one of the sloping hills to the left as one enters.

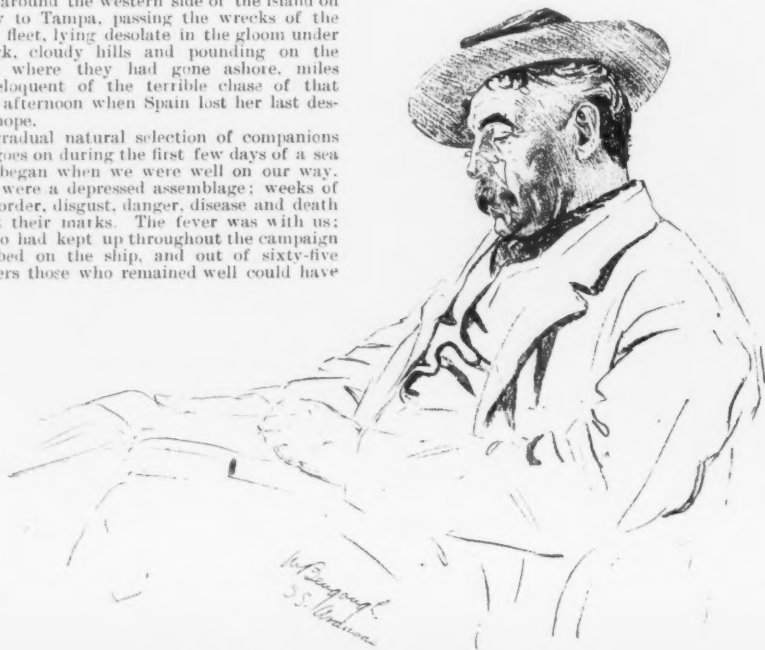
On the final long-anticipated landing at the town, and of the day full of interest spent in Santiago, I shall not dwell. There were many happenings to tempt the reminiscent pen, not the least being the cheer found at the restaurant "Venus," discovered early and lingered over late. After weeks of hardtack and dirt, the exquisite luxury of a tablecloth and its accompaniments was irresistible. It is true there was very little to eat, but guava jelly and tortellia are very good—with certain liquid refreshments, luckily plentiful enough—for the noisy, delighted assembly of correspondents and officers. There was the old cathedral slumbering on one side of the

been numbered on the fingers. Usually the time hung heavy. Yellow fever threatened, and each day saw new victims of the first symptoms of the malaria. Army food was still our fare, and canned beef, tomatoes and hardtack, while excellent articles in their way, do grow rather monotonous in time. Conjure with these dishes though the ship's cook tried to do, they still remained recognizable as hardtack, tomatoes and canned beef. Enlivened by an occasional potato and an onion, they were disguised, but you can't fool a stomach which has learned to rebel. We had Colonel John Jacob Astor on board, and although he brought out for his own use some dainties, and appeared to enjoy them as he sat at the head of the table, the captain's "seat of honor," still the suppressed interest at the long table of those who were struggling with simple canned beef, etc., must have detracted from the pleasure our wealthy associate sought in the dainties.

There was the prince, now—the Russian naval attaché, who sat next to the Chicago newsboy. I wonder whether he would have enjoyed some of the blackberry jam? I don't know many princes, but if this one is a representative member of his class I suspect that we must go among them for simple democracy. It was a lesson in social economy to hear the Chicago newsboy call upon the Russian naval attaché to "Ante up, prince," or "Hold on, prince; it's my deal." Neither mosquitoes nor loss of sleep could interfere with this mutual exchange of cash and friendly chat, after the lamps were lighted in the saloon. A chess fiend invented a board; Artist McPherson of the London "Graphic" drew out some wonderful chess-men which, while rather confusing, added another help to the desperate attempt made to kill time. Thereafter the Chicago newsboy was outclassed, not having arrived at chess, and the prince and McPherson had royal games which lasted forever, apparently, and in the most intense silence.

Major Shiba, the Japanese army attaché, is a little man with a tremendous ability for work; when he was not engaged in making voluminous notes and elaborate maps in his neat, perpendicular Japanese handwriting he was giving the other foreign attaches and newspaper men copies of aforesaid notes, which they were prevented from originating owing to their arduous labors at resting. A strange companionship sprang up between the Japanese major and our own Colonel John Jacob. They would tramp the upper deck for hours in the cool of the evening, Mr. Astor setting the pace and the major, with his limited height, keeping stride for stride with his friend's long legs, skipping gayly over obstacles in the way, all the while carrying on a running fire of questions and answers of an extremely statistical character.

Phil Robinson, the English war correspondent, the veteran of many campaigns, was one of the several charming Englishmen with the expedition. His genial air of easy enjoyment made him an ideal companion on a monotonous trip. One could always feel sure of an atmosphere of content around Phil Robinson. Among bullets or billets he was the same Mark Tapley "dear old chap," and he took to his nightly berth with a blanket on the hard deck with a cheerfulness which put to shame many of the grumblers. He blessed his soul backward at having got into the thick of the fight on July 1, and never expected



PHIL ROBINSON, ENGLISH WAR CORRESPONDENT



NAVAL ATTACHE OF RUSSIAN LEGATION AND ARTIST MCPHERSON OF LONDON "GRAPHIC"

to get out of it. Only once in his experience had he seen anything hotter, and that was when a brigade was chopped to pieces by the natives in the Soudan.

When quarantine was reached at Mullet Key, Florida, almost every man aboard the "Aransas" was down with fever or moping with depression. Imagine the joy with which the first meal of civilized food—real corn bread and molasses—was eaten! The sick began to pick up; even the

sulphur and steam of the fumigating process couldn't keep down the rising spirits. For six long days we lay there, gathering strength and mosquito bites, and at last were released after veiled hints of the necessity of holding us for the rest of the summer. At Tampa civilization was in reach again, and the speed with which the crowd scattered to their homes was almost supernatural.

WILLIAM BENGOUGH.

NOTE.—The Editor has the pleasure of announcing that in COLLIER'S WEEKLY for August 27 will begin a four-part story, by F. Anstey, entitled "Love Among the Lions." This story, which is in the author's most humorous vein, will be profusely illustrated with drawings by Peter Newell. Other fiction serials by noted writers will follow in rapid succession.

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF THE WAR—X. Drawn by PETER NEWELL



THE CAMPAIGN IN PUERTO RICO

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ORIGIN OF MILITARY TITLES AND INSIGNIA

IT IS to be expected that with the thousands of words which have come to us from the Latin, should come the words designating the various grades of military rank. Every ancient nation had a military system, but that of the Romans was the most perfect and the one in which all subsequent European systems have had their starting-point. More than that, up to within the last thirty or so years, the Latin nations have been the masters of the military art and other nations have borrowed their military nomenclature from them. English military nomenclature is still almost entirely French, but, since Sedan, Germany has been substituting German for French terms. The Spanish and Italian nomenclature is similar to the French, bearing the peculiar national modifications of the original Latin from which all of these languages were derived.

The lowest and the highest of the officers of a company bear titles derived from the same word. Captain and corporal are both derived from caput, a head. Captains and corporals are therefore headmen. The word from which captain is immediately derived is the medieval Latin capitaneus, a headman. German hauptman and Polish hetman carry the same idea. Lieutenant is French for place-holder. He serves in place of another, taking the place of his superior when occasion demands.

Until recently, sergeant was held to be from the Persian sargank, a subordinate military officer, thus being the only one of our military titles not traceable to a Latin source.

Colonel is from the medieval Latin coronella, a diminutive of columna, a column. A colonel was an officer who marched at the head of the column. A major was once a captain major, or superior captain, just as now the highest non-commissioned officer is a sergeant-major. The captain was long ago dropped from the compound title and the major alone retained. A general was one whose command was over the army in general. From general-officer, the title came to be simply general.

Most of the navy titles that differ from army titles explain themselves. Ensign is an old title obsolete in the land forces, but still preserved in the army. Admiral comes to us from the Spanish, who borrowed it from the Arabic amir-al-barr, commander at sea. Commodore is a corruption of the Spanish and Portuguese commendador, a knight, a commander, so our two highest naval titles come from the despised Iberian peninsula.

Those whose eyes are fascinated by the beauties of those yards of twisted gold braid as thick as one's thumb that dangle over the right arm and breast of regimental adjutants and staff officers of various departments, will suffer a disappointment in learning that the handsome aiguillettes had their origin in such an unpleasant thing as a hangman's rope. It was anciently the duty of certain staff officers to hang spies and others condemned to death and they came to always carry a rope thrown over the shoulder. This grew to be an actual insignia of office, and, when the duties of hangman no longer devolved upon the staff, the rope was retained as the staff insignia, became small and of gold braid, and, as the aiguillette, is the handsomest adornment worn by the military.

The glistening buttons once so thickly strewn over all uniforms, and now pretty well abolished from the service uniforms of all armies except the French, Spanish and American, and even much reduced upon dress uniforms, are a relic of ancient armor. When the glittering corselet was finally discarded, some attempt to compensate for the loss of so much brilliancy was made by the liberal use of buttons. Buttons on the breast are a remnant of the corselet. The gorget, a little half-moon-shaped metal plate worn below the front of the collar by some fancy European regiments and by a few American crack companies, is a reduced neckplate of the old armor. The chevrons of the sleeves of the non-commissioned officers are the V-shaped arm-hinges of the armor. These hinges were often gilded and stood out against the black or steel-colored background of the arm. Chevrons were once used to denote

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commissioned rank, and in the time of George I. three stripes upon the left arm betokened a lieutenant. But today, in nearly all armies, the sleeve belongs to the non-commissioned officer. In the Confederate army, however, gold lace knots on the sleeve were the insignia of line officers, as they are in the French and Japanese armies, and some regiments of Spain, Austria and Italy. Shoulder-knots and epaulettes are the old shoulder-plates of armor. Until after the Civil War, the full dress of the enlisted men of the army included brass shoulder-plates called scales, and they are still worn by the marines. In form they are exactly like the shank of an epaulet. Until recently, all French soldiers wore epaulettes of worsted. The shoulder-knot now worn by all American army officers below the rank of general is the shank of the epaulet, the fringe being left off. The shoulder-strap is a development from the strap used to hold the epaulet in place. This strap, in the case of an officer, was gold, like the epaulet, and even with the epaulet gone, showed the wearer to be an officer. So rank devices were placed upon this strap, and it became the insignia worn with undress uniform.

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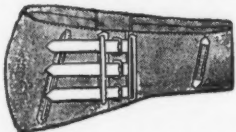
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THE DEFEAT OF THE "TERROR"

IN VIEW of the conflicting stories con-
cerning the astonishing naval engage-
ment off Puerto Rico between one of
our unprotected auxiliary cruisers and
one of the most formidable of Spain's
torpedo-destroyers it may be of interest
to the readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY to
give the official version of the affair as
recorded in the log of the "St. Paul."

The following is an exact copy of the
same, taken by our war correspondent,
Mr. Edwin Emerson, while on his way to
Santiago de Cuba with the re-enforce-
ments shipped on the "St. Paul":

"Log of the United States Steamship 'St.
Paul,' Cruiser 1st Rate, under the command
of Captain C. D. Sigbee, U. S. Navy, off
San Juan, Puerto Rico, June 22d, 1898.

"Meridian to 4.00 P.M.

"Clear to partly cloudy weather. Occa-
sional rain squalls. Moderate breeze
from east. Moderate sea. Barometer
steady. At 12.40 sighted a Spanish 3d
class cruiser of the 'Infanta Isabella' class,
standing out of San Juan Harbor. Sounded
call to quarters at 12.45. Spanish ves-
sel opened fire 12.49, shots falling short.
At 12.50 we opened fire with starboard
battery, our shots falling short. We held
our fire, the Spanish cruiser still contin-
ing hers. At 1 o'clock a torpedo-destroy-
er, 'El Terror,' came out of the harbor
and steamed rapidly up the coast. Then
it headed for us and opened fire, but the
shots fell short. We opened general fire
at 1.20, at 5,400 yards, our shots falling
all around and close to the torpedo-
destroyer, one seeming to strike her.
She retired quickly from the action.
The firing between the cruiser and our-
selves being at long range, we ceased
firing, at 2.39, the cruiser occasionally
firing as she retired, but her shots all
fell short. Morro eastern end, bore S
by W. 1/2 W. (magnetic). Distance about
six miles. During action the elevating
lug of the sleeve of No. 3 gun was broken.
During the action the 'St. Paul' was man-
euvered so as to keep head to the wind
(east) and fired with the starboard battery.
'El Terror,' on leaving the harbor, steamed
rapidly to the eastward more or less along
the shore. The 'St. Paul' followed, throw-
ing the Spanish cruiser out of range for
the time being. The maneuvering of the
'St. Paul' obliged her opponents to ap-
proach her in the trough of the sea. It
was apparently the object of the enemy
to entice the 'St. Paul' within range of
the shore batteries. On the retirement
of the 'Terror' her place was taken by a
gun vessel. Both cruiser and gun vessel
were plainly visible during the remainder
of the watch close inshore. Ammunition
expended during the engagement was 41
five-inch common shells, 24 six-pounder
armor-piercing shells, 27 three-pounder
common shells.

"JULIUS A. PATTERSON,
"Lieut. Senior Grade, U.S.N."

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SYRUP for your children while cutting teeth. It
soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain,
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placed in his hands by an East India missionary
the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for
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